

# ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 2. NO. 11.

ARLINGTON, MASS., DECEMBER 16, 1899.

TWO CENTS.

Watch for our line of

## CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

THE FULLEST IN TOWN.

H L Frost & Co, P. O. Block.

Fancy Baldwin Apples \$3.00 per barrel.

A. BOWMAN,

Ladies' and Gent's

## TAILOR,

487 Mass. ave., Arlington.

ALTERING, CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING.

Christmas is about here and on that day all like to look their best. A nice well-fitting, tailor-made suit will make the day seem all the brighter. I can do this. Call and see my fine line.

## Grand Display

Of beautiful and useful

Handkerchiefs for the million, in every style and quality.

Neckwear in great variety. All the latest Novelties of the season in Fan-

## Xmas Gifts.

Gloves in all the leading styles for ladies and gentlemen.

cyGoods and Bric-a-Brac are to be found on our display counters.

Central Dry Goods Co.,

477 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

FREE! FREE! FREE!

A Beautiful Oak Rocker given absolutely free.

Call at our store and procure a special cash offer card. Have the amount of every cash sale punched from the card, and when your purchases amount to \$5.00 return the card to us and we will deliver at your home a splendid oak rocker entirely free of charge. The retail price of the rocker is \$4.00 and can be seen in our show window.

I. E. ROBINSON & CO., POST OFFICE BLOCK, 633 Massachusetts Avenue



For a good suit of clothes and a guaranteed fit, go to  
**J. J. LOFTUS,**  
the leading tailor  
Fall Patterns Now In.  
Repairing Neatly Done.  
Ladies' tailoring.  
Sherburne Building, Arlington,

Still at  
the Top

W. H. Webber & Son,

Electrical Supplies.

R. W. LeBARON,  
Electrician and Contractor.

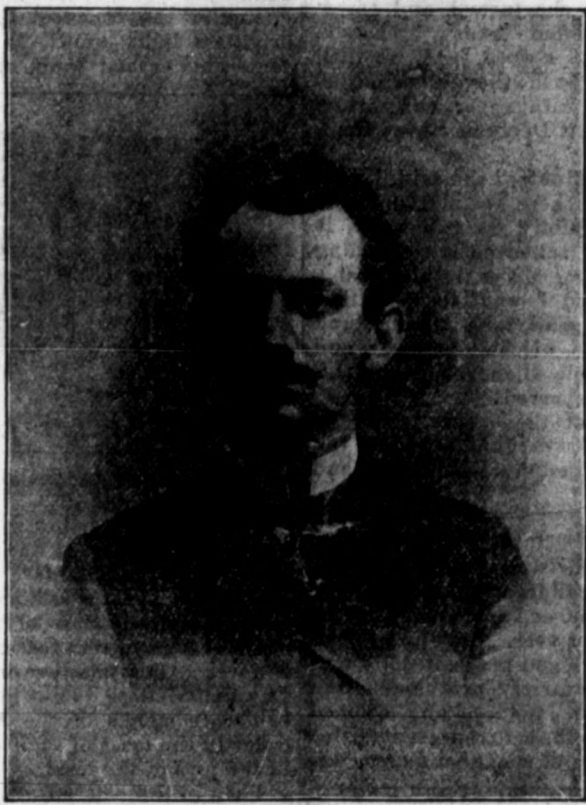
Electric Flat Irons, Electric Stoves, Curling Iron Heaters, Incandescent Lamps, all styles and candle power. Electric Lights, Bells and Telephones installed. Medical Batteries sold and repaired.

Telephone Connection.

478 Mass. Avenue,

Arlington, Mass

## COUNCIL 109 MINSTREL SHOW.



PRESIDENT T. J. ROBINSON, INTERLOCUTOR.

The Arlington Glee club's minstrel show, under the direction of Prof. J. J. Nolan, was a grand success Thursday evening from start to finish, and again gave evidence that there is plenty of vocal talent in Arlington. And surely this club can arrange and bring forth as fine an amateur company of minstrels as ever sat upon a stage, in fact we have seen professionals not anywhere near as good.

The hall was crowded with those who had seen practically the same company in the same hall last spring. Some new faces were there. The end men were somewhat changed, and other transfers were noticeable, but practically speaking it was about the same circle. The many rehearsals in the past few weeks spoke volumes when the men had finished, the persistent and determined efforts of Prof. Nolan to perfect the boys evincing itself, and to him a large amount of praise is due.

When the curtain rose a smile went through the audience, no doubt caused by the transformation scene—white to black. The members of the club wore white duck coats and black pants, while the interlocutor and end men were gorgeously arrayed. A vast improvement was noticeable in the vocal parts. The glee club was as follows: D. J. Collins, C. G. Barry, C. F. Ford, P. B. Corrigan, J. F. McCarty, George Nolan, J. J. O'Brien, J. P. Donnelly, T. F. Welch, J. R. Hendrick, J. J. Robinson, P. F. O'Neil, Joseph Nuttall, F. J. Rowe, F. J. Ford, H. T. Cleary, D. T. Dale, J. H. Ford, J. Mead, James Bevins, F. L. Powers, J. J. Mahoney.

Part I. of the programme was as follows:

Orchestra Selections  
Grand opening chorus Up-to-date  
Arlington Glee club  
Arranged by Prof. Nolan  
Ballad Sing me a song of the south  
Mr. James P. Donnelly  
End song Ring a ring o' roses  
Mr. D. D. Duggan  
Ballad Stay in your own back yard  
Mr. D. J. Collins  
End song Mr. Coon, you don't live here no more  
Mr. Henry E. Howry  
Ballad Smile as you did long ago  
Mr. Geo. Nolan  
End song I aint seen no messenger boy  
Mr. Ed. F. Hendrick  
Ballad When the sea gives up its dead  
Mr. Chas. F. Ford  
End song My dear black queen  
Mr. Ed. F. Hendrick  
In the gloaming and rain branches  
Arlington Glee club  
Orchestral selections

The opening chorus by the club was exceptionally well rendered, while the dancing of the end men brought forth great applause. Mr. Jas. P. Donnelly, who sang "Sing me a song of the south," opened the programme, and his rendition was excellent. Mr. D. D. Duggan was loudly encored in "Ring off, coon." The ballad by Mr. D. J. Collins was finely rendered, while Mr. P. A. Hendrick again displayed his talent in both singing and acting. Phil was all right. The looked-for solo by Mr. Geo. Nolan, "Smile as you did long ago," was sung in a clear bass voice.

The officers of Hiram Lodge A. F. & A. M. were installed Thursday evening in the presence of a large number of the fraternity by Rt. Wor. George W. Storer assisted by Wor. Oliver A. Roberts, Wor. William B. Lawrence, Wor. Wm. S. Davis, Wor. John E. Parry, Rt. Wor. Charles E. Corey and Wor. Charles W. Bunker. Many prominent masons were in attendance among them, Most Wor. Charles C. Hutchinson, Grand Master of Masons in Mass., Rt. Wor. Dana J. Flanders, Wor. Robert Laycock, Wor. Elmer E. Cousins, Wor. Charles S. Soule, Wor. Frank Peabody, Wor. Chas. S. Hart, Wor. Charles H. Houlihan, Wor. Henry H. Kendall, Wor. Henry H. Litchfield and Wor. William Butler. The following past masters of Hiram lodge were present: Wor. William H. Pattee, Wor. Edward Storer, Wor. Henry Frost, Wor. George W. Storer, Wor. Charles H. Prentiss, Wor. Edw. H. Catter, Wor. Winfield S. Dargin and Wor. Charles W. Bunker. The Imperial

and was well rendered. It is an excellent composition, and already it is being eagerly sought after. "I aint seen no messenger boy," by Mr. Henry E. Hoey, was well received and loudly applauded. Mr. Chas. F. Ford rendered "When the sea gives up its dead" in a sweet, clear voice.

The star of the evening was Mr. E. F. Finnegan, and he brought down the house. There is no doubt he will make a professional in a few years. His singing was good and his acting was all that could be desired. He recalled several times.

The closing selection by the club was full of humor and they responded to an encore.

The stage was handsomely set, the scenery being from the vestry of St. Malachy's church and kindly loaned by Rev. J. M. Mulcahy. The arrangement of the stage was done by Mr. T. J. Robinson and reflects great credit upon his ability in this line. Electric lights were arranged by Electrician R. W. LeBaron. Chinese lanterns and an evergreen wreath were used with striking effect.

Messrs. Foy and Haley won fresh honors in their buck and wing dancing. The dancing won hearty applause.

The side-splitting farce, (and it is rightly named) "Dissection" kept the audience in a continual uproar. Dr. Smith (J. F. Meagher) was bent on his theory that old Jones died of water on the brain, and to prove the same hired Pete (J. J. Nolan) to go into the churchyard where the sexton was in waiting, procure the body of old Jones and bring it to his operating room for dissection. Pete, who was afraid of ghosts, refused, and it was with the assurance of \$20 and a quart of gin that he consented. Mr. Alicash (P. A. Hendrick) found out the scheme, and as he wished to see the Dr's daughter, followed Pete. He removed the body when Pete stopped at the tavern and got in himself. He was carried to the dissecting room, and after the Dr. had left the room came too, badly frightening Pete. He then bribed Pete with \$50 and two quarts of gin to take his place while he saw the daughter. When Pete heard the dissecting tools thrown on the floor it was too much for him to stand and jumped from the table, greatly to the surprise of the doctor who found out his mistake. The whole affair was cleverly carried out and won a most deafening applause.

Dancing was indulged in until about 1 o'clock, and a large party thoroughly enjoyed this part of the programme, and thus closed a very successful evening's enjoyment. About 500 attended. The management is deserving of great praise and Prof. Nolan received his share of congratulation.

Mr. Robinson made a capital interlocutor, and the jokes were timely and full of wit.

quartette (T. Ralph Parris, Charles Delmont, Samuel E. Jordan and Byron E. Noble) supplied the musical numbers. Wor. Ernest Hesseltine was presented with a past master's jewel by Wor. Charles W. Bunker in behalf of Hiram Lodge. Following is a list of officers installed for the ensuing year: Wor. master, Wor. Ernest Hesseltine; senior warden, R. Walter Hilliard; junior warden, Frank H. Hubbard; treasurer, Wor. George W. Storer; secretary, Wor. Charles H. Prentiss; chaplain, Richard Tyner; marshal, Wor. Charles W. Bunker; senior deacon, Henry H. Austin; junior deacon, Leon A. Bowers; senior steward, Walter D. Chaffin; junior steward, Frederick W. Hadley; inside sentinel, Alfred G. Wilmot; organist, George H. Thayer; tyler, Simeon Barker.

Take "A Night Off" from the club and see the entertainment Jan. 9th.

USEFUL

## Xmas Presents

to suit all purses at  
Boston prices.

Sleds, Hockeys, Air Guns,  
Football Goods and Golf  
Supplies.

PHONOGRAPHS FOR SALE—CASH, INSTALLMENTS, OR TO RENT.

At MOSELEY'S, the Bicycle Man,

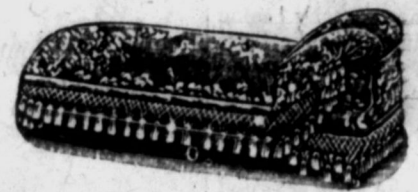
Call in and hear the phonograph.

FULL LINE OF

## Christmas Goods.

Morris Chairs

Fancy Rockers



We are the only agents for

Crawford Ranges,

The best on the market.

Ladies' Desks, Onyx Tables, Piano Stools, Parlor Lamps, Comforters \$1 to \$3, Dinner Sets, Costumers, Ladies' Dressing Stands, Hall Stands.

WM. CALDWELL'S, 4 Mystic St.

JAMES O. HOLT,

DEALER IN

## Groceries & Provisions.

Agent for the following specialties:

Agnelus Flour, Revere Coffee,  
Hatchet Brand Canned Goods,  
Strafford Creamery Butter,  
Pure Bottled Cream.

Our meats are carefully selected.

Our vegetables are grown on Arlington Farms.

For your patronage we will try to please and guarantee all goods as represented.

Stores, 12 and 14 Pleasant Street.

## Christmas.

DON'T FORGET

that we have a most  
beautiful line of

CHINA

this year from Tokio  
and Yokohama, Japan.

A. A. TILDEN'S

Arlington Central Pharmacy

ESTABLISHED 1883

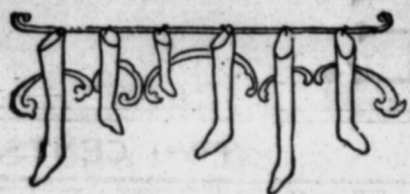
618 Mass. Ave.



REMEMBER THE MANE,  
OLD MAN!

with a gentle reminder that we have all kinds of stable and horse goods for "turf, field and farm." whips, ear nets, fly nets, lap cloths, sheets and blankets, as well as a superb stock of fine harnesses and saddles. Our goods are all in the latest styles and of the best manufacture.

Arlington Harness Co Fowl's Block, Arlington



GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE FELLOWS!

When the Christmas winds are singing round the chimney with delight, Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep! If you wake and watch the chimney—Oh, you know it isn't right!—You will never see old Santa coming down it in the night, Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

Once, two wakeful little fellows, on a snowy Christmas eve, (Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!) Kept their heads beneath the cover—just 'twas only make-believe—And Santa Claus forgot 'em—and he left 'em both to grieve, Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

For Santa Claus is funny, and is easy scared away— Go to sleep, little fellows, go to sleep! Just kiss good night to mother when she's heard the prayers you say, And you'll find your stockings brimming when you wake at break o' day, Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

### Aunt Deborah's Surprise.

SAY, girls, have you heard the news? It's too funny for anything!" Grace Derby came running up to the little group around the school house steps, with her face full of laughter and mystery.

"What's the news?" "Tell us about it!" "Go on, Grace!" The girls crowded around her eagerly.

"Why, Aunt Deborah Thorpe is going to give a Christmas party." "You're fooling!" cried half a dozen voices.

"Oh, but she is, truly," cried Grace. "I've got my invitation, and she wanted me to ask the rest of you—here's the list." She waved a paper aloft and then began to read the names upon it. Every girl there was invited, and a buzz of pleased comment went around as soon as the reading was finished.

"But I haven't told you the funniest part of it," began Grace again. "We're each one of us to bring her a Christmas present. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Fancy her not leaving that for us to decide!"

They all laughed at this, but the laugh was a good-natured one. Everybody respected Aunt Deborah. They joked about her peculiarities and her "frightness," but, for all that, the farmers and villagers of the thrifty New England community admired those qualities which had produced one of the finest farms in the whole county, and its owner was known to be kind-hearted, as well as to possess plenty of good, sound, practical sense, which appealed to all; while not a man in the neighborhood was better posted in the affairs of the country at large.

The girls went on discussing the party with eager comments, talking over the presents which were to be bought and wondering what other odd freak would be developed before the eventful night. It was Thursday now, and Monday was Christmas.

"Maybe she'll change her mind," suggested Daisy; "though I guess she isn't given to that."

"No," said a sweet-looking girl, who had not spoken before. "Aunt Deborah always does as she agrees."

"That's so, Molly," cried Grace, while there were several exclamations of assent. "When she makes up her mind it stays made up for good and all. But how in the world did you get so well acquainted with her? I'm always a little afraid of her." Molly smiled wistfully.

"I don't know," she said. "It just seemed natural, that's all."

The tears came into her eyes, and she turned and went in hurriedly. Her father had died only a few months before, and she could scarcely remember her mother at all; so Aunt Deborah's interest in her had been comforting. The girls were quiet for a minute; then Daisy said, in a low voice:

"I don't see how Molly Andrews can get her anything, and she'll never go a step if she can't." There were sympathetic murmurs all around, for Molly was a favorite.

"I wish we could help her," said Dorothy, voicing the general thought. "But we can't," sighed Maude. "You know how proud she is. She'd rather stay away than have us do anything about it."

"Well, Mrs. Barton won't give her a cent to buy a present with—we all know that," said Grace.

"Oh, don't you remember Molly earned \$2 getting names for that magazine?" put in Maude. "She told me she was going to save it toward music lessons—her heart is just set on music, you know—and, with all her talent, it is a shame she can't do anything about it. But it's just like her to go and spend every cent of that money on a present for Aunt Deborah."

"That's so," "It's too bad!" "Well, I think Molly Andrews is the bravest girl I ever knew," said Grace. "How many of us would work for our board and go to school and wear out old clothes and everything, as she does?" "But you never think of the clothes," said Daisy. "No, but she does," said Maude. Nothing but the party was talked about for the remainder of the week, and on Saturday twenty boys and girls were busy selecting gifts for Aunt Deborah.

All the boys and girls, with the exception of Molly Andrews, belonged to well-to-do families. Molly's father had been one of the wealthiest men in the village until a year before, when he had failed in business and taken every cent of his property to pay his debts. Since his death Molly had been living with Mrs. Barton, working for her board and going to school, and her life was not very comfortable. Her dearest dream had always been to cultivate her musical talent, but that dream seemed hopeless enough now.

She bought a pretty silver souvenir

while Frank was beside her, looking indignant and unhappy. Everybody noticed, and sympathetic glances went around. But all at once Aunt Deborah spoke again.

"If you will raise the lid of the piano, Molly, you will find your name there."

The girl's hands trembled so that Frank had to help her. She took up the card and read it, her face flushing and paling, and looked around helplessly at the surprised and delighted faces. Then she turned and threw her arms around Aunt Deborah's neck without a word. After a little appreciative hush they all crowded around her with eager congratulations, but Aunt Deborah waved them back.

"Wait a minute," she said, laughing, although there was a tremble in her voice. "Molly doesn't know it herself, but I am sure she is coming to live with me. I've decided that I need her, and I want to hear that piano. She shall take lessons, and you will all be welcome to come and enjoy the music whenever you like."

How they cheered! The rest of the evening was as merry as merry could be, and the feast was a triumph of New England skill.

A Christmas-Tree Feature. Dancing Christmas fairies always enhance the children's delight in the Christmas tree, and once made can be used year after year. Buy up a dozen or more of five and ten cent dolls, and to add to the variety have among the number some Japanese and colored dolls. Dress these to represent fairies in bright hues of spangled gauze, tar-

latan or tissue-paper, and liberally sprinkle their hair and garments with diamond-dust powder. Each doll should be provided with a dainty pair of fairy wings made from spangled tissue-paper and fastened to the body by means of concealed wires. These wires should be coiled to obtain motion in the wings, and nothing better can be used than the fine spiral coils that come out of worn-out, wire-stitched brooms. The least motion will set this spiral to quivering, causing the wings to move as if in flight. In like manner use the spiral wire to attach the dolls in hovering positions over and around the tree. The effect is magical; every footstep causes jar enough to start the dolls dancing and circling above and around the tree, as if the invisible fairies of the air had come down to join the Christmas glee.—Woman's Home Companion.

Happy Christmas-tide. Holly berries red and bright, Wealth of candles flick'ring light, Christmas in the air! Childish faces all aglow, Childhood's light in the snow, Banished is dull care.

Older wiseheads for the time Join in sport and song and rhyme, Happy Christmas-tide! Memory brings back golden youth, Eyes then seeing only truth Ever at its side.

Joy to-night is crowned the queen Of the festive Christmas scene, May her rule be long! None can claim a rebel heart With her toll'ers forms a part, Theirs a glad some song! —Gertrude Eloise Bealer.

His Choice. Mrs. Cobwigger—"What kind of a stocking would you like to have to hang up for Christmas?" Freddie—"Well, ma, I'm not particular about its being all wool, but I would like to have it a yard wide."

Judge.

A Trap For St. Nick.

Young Mechanic—"Yer see, it's a trap. It jes' fits our chimney, and Santa Claus kin git down all right; but when he climbs back he can't git out, an' I gits all his pack."

CHRISTMAS IN THE DEPTHS. Unique Celebration Held in the Salzburg Salt Mines.

From bleak St. Bernard to blossoming Salzburg is about three hundred miles, but around one is perpetual winter, with snow seldom absent, and the fringe of the continuing mantle ever near at hand; while in the mines of the other is unending summer. A Christmastide 100 degrees of temperature separate the two, and while the boundless snow covered hills of one glisten in the broadest diffused and brightest light known to earth, the contracted crystal walls of the other

scintillate under the feeble rays from restricted lanterns.

Thirty degrees below zero is a frequent temperature at the hospitable Monastery of St. Bernard on Christmas Day. There is seldom a traveller over the famous pass of the Penine chain of Alps in that season, but there is never a Christmas eve or Christmas Day that visitors do not join with the two score monks of the Augustinian order in the mass of their church and in the joys of the feast.

Then in the salt mines, miles away and thousands of feet below, are all of these things, for in the vaulted chambers, amid massive pillars of salt, is a population of human beings, not only miners who work one thousand feet under ground, but a permanent population living in homes along streets hewn out of mountain masses of crystal that glistens under the artificial light necessary in these depths.

Many of this population seldom see the light of day. They are there from Christmas to Christmas, in the miles and miles of galleries that extend under the Carpathians and Alps—galleries of different levels, ascending and descending, crossing each other at various angles and reaching far under the overlying salt, rock and earth.

This subterranean population is a happy one, as happy as the one in the sunshine at the many mouths of the great salt pits. There are joy and sorrow there, births, deaths and marriages. Holidays are celebrated there, and among the greatest of these is Christmas. In the narrow salt bound galleries the petitioned Christ child walks bearing precious gifts; there enters the welcome St. Nicholas, and he is followed by dreaded hobgoblins, who frighten refractory children into good behavior.

On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the echoes of the rock ribbed caverns are awakened by the children's voices. The song, the merry laugh, the joyous shout in childish games and sports, are heard. There are music and the dance, feasting and merry making, the brilliantly lighted and decorated gift bearing tree that illumines diamondlike crystals that gather up the light, divide it into prismatic beauty and cast it back again.

### A BRAVE CAPTAIN.

M'GRATH WHO SWAM A RUSHING STREAM.

While the Filipinos Rained a Furious Fire on Him—He Received His Death Wound While Fighting Between Bacoor and Imus.

Capt. H. J. McGrath of the Fourth United States cavalry, who died in the military hospital at Manila a few days ago, was wounded during a movement to clear the country between Bacoor and Imus. A brass cannon loaded with scrap iron was discharged by the insurgents and an iron nut struck Capt. McGrath in the thigh. Death is supposed to have been due to complications. He was taken after the battle to a hospital at Manila and cabled to his wife: "Wounded left thigh. Don't worry."

Capt. McGrath was born on April 8, 1856, in Fond du Lac, Wis., and moved with his parents to Eau Claire in 1850. The young man was educated in the public schools of Eau Claire and the University of Wisconsin. In 1876 he was admitted to West Point academy and was graduated in 1880. He joined his regiment, the Fourth Cavalry, the

auditorium. Evidently he liked the looks of the situation. He quietly entered, took off his tattered hat and started down the aisle. Reaching the front of the aisle he turned and began taking a systematic collection. None was slighted and all were given a chance to donate to his benefit. The chairman of the meeting suggested to the visitor that he take a seat until the meeting was over, then he could resume. The tramp failed to heed the request, but continued on his mission of collecting funds. When he had given all a chance to contribute he quietly left the church without having said a word.

KEROSENE BEESWAX NOW. Residue of the Oil Is Used to Produce Handsome Wax Candles.

The busy little bee was long ago cheated out of his monopoly in the honey-making business by artificial honey manufacturers. Now he is left to improve the shining hour as best he may, for his corner on wax is rapidly slipping away from him. Paraffine, a product of crude petroleum, is taking the place of beeswax in commerce very largely, and half the "wax" candles of today are of pure paraffine and never saw the inside of a beehive. Whiting, Ind., just over the southern line of

CAPT. M'GRATH.

following September, at Fort Reno, and spent two years at the infantry and Cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth. He was instructor in military science at Wisconsin university for three years. Capt. McGrath served in New Mexico and Arizona against Geronimo and the other Apache chiefs, and later was stationed at Walla Walla. He was at Vancouver barracks when the Spanish war opened. He asked for active duty and was made major in the Volunteer Engineers and sent to Jacksonville, where he served in the Seventh corps, later going to Havana, where he remained till the corps was disbanded. Capt. McGrath left San Francisco for Manila on May 25 to rejoin the Fourth Cavalry and arrived there about June 30.

Capt. McGrath was married at Savannah, Ga., on Nov. 11 last year to Miss Mary Carson of Eau Claire. A son has been born to them.

Prof. Dean C. Worcester, member of the Philippine commission, in an interview on Oct. 20 last declared that Major (then Captain) McGrath was one of the greatest heroes in the Philippines.

"It was at Calamba," said Prof. Worcester, "an important town in Laguna de Bay, that was taken by Lawton. While the troops were in front of this town and in the face of a hot and furious fire from the Filipinos, it was found necessary to cross a stream that was swelled with recent rains until it was difficult to get over. There were neither boats nor rafts, but on the opposite side and directly under the rifles of the Filipinos were two canoes.

"At that juncture the hero revealed himself in the person of Capt. McGrath of the Fourth cavalry. He did not wait for orders, nor did he call for volunteers. He stripped and plunged into the whirling stream and came back in half an hour later with two canoes. There were some bullet holes in the canoes by the time he got across with them, but they were made to serve the purpose of transporting a skirmishing party across the stream, and the trench was taken. It was the most daring thing I ever witnessed, and I believe the most daring action that has come to my notice."

A Tramp with Nerve. Princeton (Ind.) Special to Indianapolis Sentinel: The other night a Congregational meeting was held at the First Methodist church and a crippled tramp is richer by reason of the fact. The business meeting was well started when, walking on crutches, he looked in at the front door of the

Chicago, is the place where this wax is made. The paraffine works are quite distinct and apart from the oil refinery and is quite a large plant in itself. The oil treated here is the "residual oil," or oil from which all the illuminating and fuel oils have been distilled in the oil refinery, and which would be deemed practically worthless by an outsider. As it is pumped from the oil refinery into its first receptacle, the "tar stills"—huge piles of iron and brick with innumerable pipes—it has the appearance of liquid tar or New Orleans molasses or anything else that is dark, heavy, sluggish, and looks as unlike the beautiful candles as possible.—New York Journal.

TO MARRY GERMAN DUKE. From Paris comes word of the engagement of the little Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria to Prince Duke Ulrich of Wurtemberg, who is a lieutenant in the King William regiment of Uhlans. The princess is only 16 years old, her future husband being six years older. She is the only daughter of the Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince Ru-

dolph, whose own engagement to Count Lonyay has been recently announced. It is believed that the marriage of the mother has been postponed until she can see her daughter settled for life as the wife of the young German duke. They will be married in January, soon after which time the crown princess is expected to unite her fortunes with those of Count Lonyay.

When a man is energetic by force of habit he begins to be a money power.—Chicago Dispatch.

ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH.

Preparing For It. That Dick should get the doll and bloom and Beth the hoe and spade would make one think quite likely A mistake somewhere was made.

But not the future Santa reads, And for it lays his plan, Since Dick's the "coming woman" And Beth's the "coming man."

CHRISTMAS: by a Lazy Rhymer. boys; toys; joys; noise; blocks; in box; full socks; cost "rocks."

fol-lols; young folk; dead broke! —John O'Keefe.

That Dick should get the doll and bloom and Beth the hoe and spade would make one think quite likely A mistake somewhere was made.

But not the future Santa reads, And for it lays his plan, Since Dick's the "coming woman" And Beth's the "coming man."

CHRISTMAS IN THE DEPTHS. Unique Celebration Held in the Salzburg Salt Mines.

From bleak St. Bernard to blossoming Salzburg is about three hundred miles, but around one is perpetual winter, with snow seldom absent, and the fringe of the continuing mantle ever near at hand; while in the mines of the other is unending summer. A Christmastide 100 degrees of temperature separate the two, and while the boundless snow covered hills of one glisten in the broadest diffused and brightest light known to earth, the contracted crystal walls of the other

### A BRAVE CAPTAIN.

M'GRATH WHO SWAM A RUSHING STREAM.

While the Filipinos Rained a Furious Fire on Him—He Received His Death Wound While Fighting Between Bacoor and Imus.

Capt. H. J. McGrath of the Fourth United States cavalry, who died in the military hospital at Manila a few days ago, was wounded during a movement to clear the country between Bacoor and Imus. A brass cannon loaded with scrap iron was discharged by the insurgents and an iron nut struck Capt. McGrath in the thigh. Death is supposed to have been due to complications. He was taken after the battle to a hospital at Manila and cabled to his wife: "Wounded left thigh. Don't worry."

Capt. McGrath was born on April 8, 1856, in Fond du Lac, Wis., and moved with his parents to Eau Claire in 1850. The young man was educated in the public schools of Eau Claire and the University of Wisconsin. In 1876 he was admitted to West Point academy and was graduated in 1880. He joined his regiment, the Fourth Cavalry, the

auditorium. Evidently he liked the looks of the situation. He quietly entered, took off his tattered hat and started down the aisle. Reaching the front of the aisle he turned and began taking a systematic collection. None was slighted and all were given a chance to donate to his benefit. The chairman of the meeting suggested to the visitor that he take a seat until the meeting was over, then he could resume. The tramp failed to heed the request, but continued on his mission of collecting funds. When he had given all a chance to contribute he quietly left the church without having said a word.

KEROSENE BEESWAX NOW. Residue of the Oil Is Used to Produce Handsome Wax Candles.

The busy little bee was long ago cheated out of his monopoly in the honey-making business by artificial honey manufacturers. Now he is left to improve the shining hour as best he may, for his corner on wax is rapidly slipping away from him. Paraffine, a product of crude petroleum, is taking the place of beeswax in commerce very largely, and half the "wax" candles of today are of pure paraffine and never saw the inside of a beehive. Whiting, Ind., just over the southern line of

CAPT. M'GRATH.

following September, at Fort Reno, and spent two years at the infantry and Cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth. He was instructor in military science at Wisconsin university for three years. Capt. McGrath served in New Mexico and Arizona against Geronimo and the other Apache chiefs, and later was stationed at Walla Walla. He was at Vancouver barracks when the Spanish war opened. He asked for active duty and was made major in the Volunteer Engineers and sent to Jacksonville, where he served in the Seventh corps, later going to Havana, where he remained till the corps was disbanded. Capt. McGrath left San Francisco for Manila on May 25 to rejoin the Fourth Cavalry and arrived there about June 30.

Capt. McGrath was married at Savannah, Ga., on Nov. 11 last year to Miss Mary Carson of Eau Claire. A son has been born to them.

Prof. Dean C. Worcester, member of the Philippine commission, in an interview on Oct. 20 last declared that Major (then Captain) McGrath was one of the greatest heroes in the Philippines.

"It was at Calamba," said Prof. Worcester, "an important town in Laguna de Bay, that was taken by Lawton. While the troops were in front of this town and in the face of a hot and furious fire from the Filipinos, it was found necessary to cross a stream that was swelled with recent rains until it was difficult to get over. There were neither boats nor rafts, but on the opposite side and directly under the rifles of the Filipinos were two canoes.

"At that juncture the hero revealed himself in the person of Capt. McGrath of the Fourth cavalry. He did not wait for orders, nor did he call for volunteers. He stripped and plunged into the whirling stream and came back in half an hour later with two canoes. There were some bullet holes in the canoes by the time he got across with them, but they were made to serve the purpose of transporting a skirmishing party across the stream, and the trench was taken. It was the most daring thing I ever witnessed, and I believe the most daring action that has come to my notice."

A Tramp with Nerve. Princeton (Ind.) Special to Indianapolis Sentinel: The other night a Congregational meeting was held at the First Methodist church and a crippled tramp is richer by reason of the fact. The business meeting was well started when, walking on crutches, he looked in at the front door of the

Chicago, is the place where this wax is made. The paraffine works are quite distinct and apart from the oil refinery and is quite a large plant in itself. The oil treated here is the "residual oil," or oil from which all the illuminating and fuel oils have been distilled in the oil refinery, and which would be deemed practically worthless by an outsider. As it is pumped from the oil refinery into its first receptacle, the "tar stills"—huge piles of iron and brick with innumerable pipes—it has the appearance of liquid tar or New Orleans molasses or anything else that is dark, heavy, sluggish, and looks as unlike the beautiful candles as possible.—New York Journal.

TO MARRY GERMAN DUKE. From Paris comes word of the engagement of the little Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria to Prince Duke Ulrich of Wurtemberg, who is a lieutenant in the King William regiment of Uhlans. The princess is only 16 years old, her future husband being six years older. She is the only daughter of the Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince Ru-

dolph, whose own engagement to Count Lonyay has been recently announced. It is believed that the marriage of the mother has been postponed until she can see her daughter settled for life as the wife of the young German duke. They will be married in January, soon after which time the crown princess is expected to unite her fortunes with those of Count Lonyay.

When a man is energetic by force of habit he begins to be a money power.—Chicago Dispatch.

ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH.

Preparing For It. That Dick should get the doll and bloom and Beth the hoe and spade would make one think quite likely A mistake somewhere was made.

But not the future Santa reads, And for it lays his plan, Since Dick's the "coming woman" And Beth's the "coming man."

CHRISTMAS: by a Lazy Rhymer. boys; toys; joys; noise; blocks; in box; full socks; cost "rocks."

fol-lols; young folk; dead broke! —John O'Keefe.

That Dick should get the doll and bloom and Beth the hoe and spade would make one think quite likely A mistake somewhere was made.

But not the future Santa reads, And for it lays his plan, Since Dick's the "coming woman" And Beth's the "coming man."

CHRISTMAS IN THE DEPTHS. Unique Celebration Held in the Salzburg Salt Mines.

From bleak St. Bernard to blossoming Salzburg is about three hundred miles, but around one is perpetual winter, with snow seldom absent, and the fringe of the continuing mantle ever near at hand; while in the mines of the other is unending summer. A Christmastide 100 degrees of temperature separate the two, and while the boundless snow covered hills of one glisten in the broadest diffused and brightest light known to earth, the contracted crystal walls of the other

### A BRAVE CAPTAIN.

M'GRATH WHO SWAM A RUSHING STREAM.

While the Filipinos Rained a Furious Fire on Him—He Received His Death Wound While Fighting Between Bacoor and Imus.

Capt. H. J. McGrath of the Fourth United States cavalry, who died in the military hospital at Manila a few days ago, was wounded during a movement to clear the country between Bacoor and Imus. A brass cannon loaded with scrap iron was discharged by the insurgents and an iron nut struck Capt. McGrath in the thigh. Death is supposed to have been due to complications. He was taken after the battle to a hospital at Manila and cabled to his wife: "Wounded left thigh. Don't worry."

Capt. McGrath was born on April 8, 1856, in Fond du Lac, Wis., and moved with his parents to Eau Claire in 1850. The young man was educated in the public schools of Eau Claire and the University of Wisconsin. In 1876 he was admitted to West Point academy and was graduated in 1880. He joined his regiment, the Fourth Cavalry, the

auditorium. Evidently he liked the looks of the situation. He quietly entered, took off his tattered hat and started down the aisle. Reaching the front of the aisle he turned and began taking a systematic collection. None was slighted and all were given a chance to donate to his benefit. The chairman of the meeting suggested to the visitor that he take a seat until the meeting was over, then he could resume. The tramp failed to heed the request, but continued on his mission of collecting funds. When he had given all a chance to contribute he quietly left the church without having said a word.

KEROSENE BEESWAX NOW. Residue of the Oil Is Used to Produce Handsome Wax Candles.

The busy little bee was long ago cheated out of his monopoly in the honey-making business by artificial honey manufacturers. Now he is left to improve the shining hour as best he may, for his corner on wax is rapidly slipping away from him. Paraffine, a product of crude petroleum, is taking the place of beeswax in commerce very largely, and half the "wax" candles of today are of pure paraffine and never saw the inside of a beehive. Whiting, Ind., just over the southern line of

CAPT. M'GRATH.

following September, at Fort Reno, and spent two years at the infantry and Cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth. He was instructor in military science at Wisconsin university for three years. Capt. McGrath served in New Mexico and Arizona against Geronimo and the other Apache chiefs, and later was stationed at Walla Walla. He was at Vancouver barracks when the Spanish war opened. He asked for active duty and was made major in the Volunteer Engineers and sent to Jacksonville, where he served in the Seventh corps, later going to Havana, where he remained till the corps was disbanded. Capt. McGrath left San Francisco for Manila on May 25 to rejoin the Fourth Cavalry and arrived there about June 30.

Capt. McGrath was married at Savannah, Ga., on Nov. 11 last year to Miss Mary Carson of Eau Claire. A son has been born to them.

Prof. Dean C. Worcester, member of the Philippine commission, in an interview on Oct. 20 last declared that Major (then Captain) McGrath was one of the greatest heroes in the Philippines.

"It was at Calamba," said Prof. Worcester, "an important town in Laguna de Bay, that was taken by Lawton. While the troops were in front of this town and in the face of a hot and furious fire from the Filipinos, it was found necessary to cross a stream that was swelled with recent rains until it was difficult to get over. There were neither boats nor rafts, but on the opposite side and directly under the rifles of the Filipinos were two canoes.

"At that juncture the hero revealed himself in the person of Capt. McGrath of the Fourth cavalry. He did not wait for orders, nor did he call for volunteers. He stripped and plunged into the whirling stream and came back in half an hour later with two canoes. There were some bullet holes in the canoes by the time he got across with them, but they were made to serve the purpose of transporting a skirmishing party across the stream, and the trench was taken. It was the most daring thing I ever witnessed, and I believe the most daring action that has come to my notice."

A Tramp with Nerve. Princeton (Ind.) Special to Indianapolis Sentinel: The other night a Congregational meeting was held at the First Methodist church and a crippled tramp is richer by reason of the fact. The business meeting was well started when, walking on crutches, he looked in at the front door of the

Chicago, is the place where this wax is made. The paraffine works are quite distinct and apart from the oil refinery and is quite a large plant in itself. The oil treated here is the "residual oil," or oil from which all the illuminating and fuel oils have been distilled in the oil refinery, and which would be deemed practically worthless by an outsider. As it is pumped from the oil refinery into its first receptacle, the "tar stills"—huge piles of iron and brick with innumerable pipes—it has the appearance of liquid tar or New Orleans molasses or anything else that is dark, heavy, sluggish, and looks as unlike the beautiful candles as possible.—New York Journal.

TO MARRY GERMAN DUKE. From Paris comes word of the engagement of the little Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria to Prince Duke Ulrich of Wurtemberg, who is a lieutenant in the King William regiment of Uhlans. The princess is only 16 years old, her future husband being six years older. She is the only daughter of the Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince Ru-

dolph, whose own engagement to Count Lonyay has been recently announced. It is believed that the marriage of the mother has been postponed until she can see her daughter settled for life as the wife of the young German duke. They will be married in January, soon after which time the crown princess is expected to unite her fortunes with those of Count Lonyay.

When a man is energetic by force of habit he begins to be a money power.—Chicago Dispatch.

ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH.

Preparing For It. That Dick should get the doll and bloom and Beth the hoe and spade would make one think quite likely A mistake somewhere was made.

But not the future Santa reads, And for it lays his plan, Since Dick's the "coming woman" And Beth's the "coming man."

CHRISTMAS: by a Lazy Rhymer. boys; toys; joys; noise; blocks; in box; full socks; cost "rocks."

fol-lols; young folk; dead broke! —John O'Keefe.

That Dick should get the doll and bloom and Beth the hoe and spade would make one think quite likely A mistake somewhere was made.

But not the future Santa reads, And for it lays his plan, Since Dick's the "coming woman" And Beth's the "coming man."

CHRISTMAS IN THE DEPTHS. Unique Celebration Held in the Salzburg Salt Mines.

From bleak St. Bernard to blossoming Salzburg is about three hundred miles, but around one is perpetual winter, with snow seldom absent, and the fringe of the continuing mantle ever near at hand; while in the mines of the other is unending summer. A Christmastide 100 degrees of temperature separate the two, and while the boundless snow covered hills of one glisten in the broadest diffused and brightest light known to earth, the contracted crystal walls of the other

auditorium. Evidently he liked the looks of the situation. He quietly entered, took off his tattered hat and started down the aisle. Reaching the front of the aisle he turned and began taking a systematic collection. None was slighted and all were given a chance to donate to his benefit. The chairman of the meeting suggested to the visitor that he take a seat until the meeting was over, then he could resume. The tramp failed to heed the request, but continued on his mission of collecting funds. When he had given all a chance to contribute he quietly left the church without having said a word.

KEROSENE BEESWAX NOW. Residue of the Oil Is Used to Produce Handsome Wax Candles.

The busy little bee was long ago cheated out of his monopoly in the honey-making business by artificial honey manufacturers. Now he is left to improve the shining hour as best he may, for his corner on wax is rapidly slipping away from him. Paraffine, a product of crude petroleum, is taking the place of beeswax in commerce very largely, and half the "wax" candles of today are of pure paraffine and never saw the inside of a beehive. Whiting, Ind., just over the southern line of

CAPT. M'GRATH.

following September, at Fort Reno, and spent two years at the infantry and Cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth. He was instructor in military science at Wisconsin university for three years. Capt. McGrath served in New Mexico and Arizona against Geronimo and the other Apache chiefs, and later was stationed at Walla Walla. He was at Vancouver barracks when the Spanish war opened. He asked for active duty and was made major in the Volunteer Engineers and sent to Jacksonville, where he served in the Seventh corps, later going to Havana, where he remained till the corps was disbanded. Capt. McGrath left San Francisco for Manila on May 25 to rejoin the Fourth Cavalry and arrived there about June 30.

Capt. McGrath was married at Savannah, Ga., on Nov. 11 last year to Miss Mary Carson of Eau Claire. A son has been born to them.

Prof. Dean C. Worcester, member of the Philippine commission, in an interview on Oct. 20 last declared that Major (then Captain) McGrath was one of the greatest heroes in the Philippines.

"It was at Calamba," said Prof. Worcester, "an important town in Laguna de Bay, that was taken by Lawton. While the troops were in front of this town and in the face of a hot and furious fire from the Filipinos, it was found necessary to cross a stream that was swelled with recent rains until it was difficult to get over. There were neither boats nor rafts, but on the opposite side and directly under the rifles of



Sweetest thing that can be seen  
Is a baby, fresh and clean.  
Dainty clothes and tender skin  
Need pure soap to wash them in.  
Nurse and mother must be sure  
Baby's bath is sweet and pure.  
Free from grease or alkalis;  
Ivory Soap their want supplies.

COPYRIGHT 1898 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

#### The Cannon Had Gone Off.

The other day Judge Arnold laughed heartily at a little episode which occurred in his court, and which was relished by all who heard it.

Representative John Fow was attorney for several people who had been charged with some trifling violations of the law. The real defendant was a man named Cannon, and as the matter was settled before the trial began Cannon did not think his presence was necessary, and, therefore, left.

As there were several others jointly accused, Mr. Fow asked the court to discharge them. "Well," said Judge Arnold, briskly, "where's Cannon?" "Oh," replied the Seventeenth ward statesman, with a twinkle in his eye, "he just went off, and I'm trying to fitcha ge the rest of them, although he was the big gun of the party."

Judge Arnold laughed heartily at the joke and entered into the spirit of it. "Well, Mr. Fow," he responded, "where there's so much smoke I think there must have been some fire, but as Cannon has gone off I'll discharge the rest of them for you."

—Philadelphia Record.

#### Peculiar Huts of the Kaffirs.

The Kaffirs live in peculiar balloon-shaped huts, made by planting long, thin branches or trunks of trees in a circle and bending their tops to the centre, where they are fastened. Native flat grasses are then woven in and cut between those branches.

A correspondent points out that President Kruger's ultimatum is the first that has ever been received by Great Britain.

## My Mother Had Consumption

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. A neighbor told her not to give up but try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She did so and was speedily cured, and is now in the enjoyment of good health." D. P. Jolly, Feb. 2, 1899. Avoca, N. Y.

## Cures Hard Coughs

No matter how hard your cough is or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you could possibly take. But it's too risky to wait until you have consumption, for sometimes it's impossible to cure this disease. If you are coughing today, don't wait until tomorrow, but get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once and be relieved. It strengthens weak lungs.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just right for asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, whooping-cough, hard colds; \$1.00, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

#### WITCHCRAFT IN THE PHILIPPINES

The Malay Has Great Faith in the Efficacy of Charms.

The Malay is a firm believer in the efficacy of charms. He wears amulets, places written words of magic in houses, and sports a tiger's claw as a preventive of disease. If he is especially primitive and backward, when he enters a forest he says: "Go to the right, all my enemies and assailants! May you not look upon me; let me walk alone!" To allay a storm he says: "The elephants collect, they wallow across the sea; go to the right, go to the left, I break the tempest." When about to begin an elephant hunt, according to Thompson, he uses this charm: "The elephant trumpets, he wallows across the lake, the pot boils, the pan boils across the point. Go to the left, go to the right, spirit of grandfather (the elephant); I loose the fingers upon the bow string."

The Malay believes in witches and witchcraft. There is the Polong, which feeds on its owner's blood till the time comes for it to take possession of an enemy. Then there is a horrid thing, the Penanggalan, which possesses women. Frequently it leaves its rightful abode to fly away at night to feed on blood, taking the form of the head and intestines of the person it inhabits, in which shape it wanders around.

Such beliefs may perhaps have their origin in metempsychosis, which in other ways has come to hold among the common people. For instance, elephants and tigers are believed sometimes to be human souls in disguise, and so the Malay addresses them as "grandfather" to allay their wrath and avoid direct reference to them. Crocodiles also are often regarded as sacred, and special charms are used in fishing for them. One such, given by Maxwell, is as follows: "O Dangsari, lotus flower, receive what I send thee. If thou receivest it not, may thy eyes be torn out."—Popular Science Monthly.

#### Like Finding Money.

The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 50 you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

#### Celling or Ceiling?

The frequent occurrence of e before i in certain words in manuscripts and printed books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in place of the now customary spelling, is a feature which has often forced itself on my attention. It seems to me that the modern way is in these older writings comparatively seldom met with. I have observed the following, among other instances: Feild, neice, atcheivment, releif, reliefe, greife; also, as proper names, Feild, Purfeild, Feilding, etc. The causes which have led to the change might furnish an interesting subject for discussion. Ceiling is given as an alternative spelling in various dictionaries to which I have referred. In some eighteenth century writings (the Burrell manuscripts, for instance) o curs the word cield.—Notes and Queries.

How foolish to buy any other soap, when Dobbin's Electric is reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents a bar. Quality and size same as for 35 years, best in the world. 25-cent books free for wrappers. Order of your grocer.

#### Automatic Telescopes in Switzerland.

When the tourists begin to swarm into Switzerland next year they will be confronted at every turn, on every hill and point of vantage, on every hotel piazza boasting a "view," with automatic telescopes. Last summer there were many telescopes scattered throughout the country, some of which were looked after by a boy or woman, and some of which were automatic glasses which opened on depositing two cents. A company is being formed in Berne which will place its automatic telescopes all over Switzerland next spring. —Berne Letter in the Chicago Record.

#### A Currency Reflection.

John Quarterdollar and Nancy Nichol were married at Providence, R. I., the other day. How like thirty cents they must feel. —Denver Post.

The number of homicides foot up about 8000 annually. In one year there were 10,500.

## Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver and Digestive organs. The safest and best medicine in the world for the

### CURE

of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

## DYSPEPSIA,

Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Bloatingness will be avoided, as the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 65 Elm St., N. Y.

# Syrup of Figs

ACTS GENTLY  
ON THE  
KIDNEYS, LIVER  
AND BOWELS.

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM  
EFFECTUALLY.

DISPELS  
COLDS,  
HEADACHES  
& FEVERS.

OVERCOMES  
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION  
PERMANENTLY.

TO GET  
ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'F'D BY  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

#### Will Run Into Savannah.

It is announced that, commencing December 10, 1899, the Southern Railway Company will operate through train service over its own line via Columbia, Perry, Jacksonville and Allendale, S. C., to and from Savannah, Ga. Commencing that date its through car service will be operated in connection with the Plant System south of Savannah, Ga., and the Florida East Coast Railway, to and from points on the east coast of Florida, with direct connections to and from Key West, Fla.; Havana, Cuba, and Nassau, N. P., via Miami, Fla., in connection with the Florida East Coast Steamship Line and in connection with Plant system south of Savannah, Ga. and from other points in Florida, including points on west coast, with direct connections to and from Key West and Havana, via Tampa, Fla., in connection with Plant Steamship Line.—Washington Post, Nov. 10, 1899.

#### The End of the Talk.

She (condescendingly)—I'm sorry for you dear, but I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything.

The Other She (resignedly)—You couldn't get into 'em darling.—Baltimore News.

There is more starch in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven starch to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's starch cure, manufactured by F. J. HENRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### A Boer Courtship.

London newspapers just now are filled with incidents of the Boers, most of them far from flattering. One of the best relates that in a Dutch church in Pretoria not long ago there appeared a very stolid looking farmer's wife, who had brought her baby into town to be christened. Before leaving home her "lord" had written the names it was intended to give the infant on one slip of paper and the list of household requirements on another, and both were carefully folded and put in the great leather purse she carried.

When the proper time arrived the fond mother handed up a slip of paper to the minister, who read and reread it, and then remarked that Koffie Rist Suiker Gember Kom, it were rather odd names for the child, and ones which might prove embarrassing to the possessor at some future time.

Then the other slip of paper was produced, and explanations followed.

#### Conspiracy.

Weather Man—It's going to be awfully foggy tonight.

Astronomer—Then I'll rush out an announcement of another brilliant meteoric shower.—Chicago Record.

Pico's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FUGES \$1 trial bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

A process has been invented and patented in Brazil for preparing coffee in tablets by a system of compression. N.E. 0

## Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough. Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 50c for 5c.

## CARTER'S INK

Can't be beat.

## \$19,000 OFFERED

by acts of the late Anthony Pollok, Esq., for best maritime life-saving appliance. We can furnish you information. MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, Washington, D. C.

## ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER

Cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All Druggists, 25c.

## CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

Washington, D. C., to Los Angeles and San Francisco without change.

Most modern tourist sleepers. Pintasch light, wide vestibule observation ends, high back upholstered seats, two rotating rooms for ladies, smoking room and every comfort and convenience. Personally conducted. Stop over allowed at Washington, D. C. Illustrated pamphlets supplied by E. E. GURRIE, N. E. A., Southern Pacific Co., No. 9 State Street, Boston. G. C. DANIELS, N. E. P. A., Southern Ry., No. 228 Washington Street, Boston.

## PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

Successfully Prosecutes Claims. 15 yrs in civil war, 15 additional claims. Refuse substitutes.

## DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

Box of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. GREEN'S HOME, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

## \$100 for \$10

Invest \$10 to \$100 and get \$1000 for \$100 cure safe as a bank. W. M. REED, 187 S. 4th St., Phila., Pa.

## PICO'S CURE FOR GIBBS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## CONSUMPTION

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY.

The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer will each obtain one large 10c package of "Red Cross" Starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" Starch, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. "Red Cross" Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It has won for itself praise from all parts of the United States. It has superseded everything heretofore used or known to sentence in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, rice and corn, and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hubinger, Keokuk, Iowa, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years' practical experience in fancy laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all the fine grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocer for this Starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

# ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday morning at No. 60  
Massachusetts avenue.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 2 cents.

F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.  
WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.  
Line, 75c. \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.50 \$4.00 \$6.00  
Additional inches at same ratio.  
Advertisements placed in the local column  
10 cents per line.  
Help and situation wanted, for sale, to let  
etc., 12 cents per line; nothing taken less  
than two lines.

## "THE MERRY CHRISTMAS."

The merry Christmas is peculiarly and emphatically the children's day. The bal in the manger is allied to all childhood, and so lends to the earlier years an innocence and sweetness which partake of the divine. That Christ himself was once a child affords inspiration and hope and trust for all mankind. He touched the human at all points. There is nothing in all our experiences and temptations that he, the "sinless one," did not first meet and share in his own personal life. While he sympathized and entered into the real life of men and women everywhere, he especially surrounded the years of childhood with a halo and glory which were akin to heaven. We can easily imagine that it was a moment of supreme happiness with Christ as he took the little children in his arms and blessed them. We older-grown may thus feel doubly assured that we are in the line of our duty and privilege when we receive the children with joyous welcome to our homes and to our heart of hearts. We have a profound pity for that household where the glad voices of the children will not be heard at the coming of the Christmas time. Indeed, to such a home, if home we may call it, there can be no Christmas, for the term itself implies the gift of the child. Christmas fails of its mission whenever it does not teach husbands and wives that there can be no real home-life without the coming of the children. It is the child-life that gives us this day of all the days in "the long, long year." So long as we keep ourselves in sight and touch of the babe in the manger, so long shall we have that love for home and the little ones that will glorify and make radiant all human life. There should be, there must be a "star in the east" over every household in God's world if we are to love and worship aright. O, the children! Let us hail with glad acclaim their coming.

To celebrate the Christmas season aright we must not forget that it means the giving of one's self. The gift can possibly mean nothing unless it carries with it the giver. The poor widow casting in her mite gave more than they all, because she gave herself. When the gift becomes vitalized with heart and soul, when it is made warm with the breath and blood of the giver, then it becomes a help and an inspiration to all grades and to every shade of life. We must, both by a natural and divine law, put ourselves in his and her place before we can render that touch which makes alive again. The world to-day is weighted down with a sense of its individual helplessness. It is forevermore stretching out its hand for help. The cry is give, give; and in response to that cry, if we are in any large way infused with the spirit of Christmas, we shall give ourselves. What a heartless token, indeed what a hollow mockery is any expression of good will which does not involve the intense throbbing life of the individual being. There can be no helpful life to us whose heart-beats we do not feel. To know that there is a life beyond and about us we must catch its warm breath and feel the touch of its hand. There can be no real Christmas coming to Arlington other than that which comes from the giving of self. And then our giving should be made upon a sensible, generous plan. We should first go where help is most needed. We should first save, so far as we are able, the drowning man and not that one who is well upon his feet. It is that boy and girl who with longing heart behold the Christmas window with not a penny to purchase, and with no friend in all the world, to whom we should go and make merry the Christmas by personally entering into their lives with kindly remembrances. The most of us have yet the lesson to learn that Christmas teaches in objective form—the lesson of self-giving. It is in Bethlehem of Judea, and there alone, that we receive that lesson of giving which brings to the home a continuous Christmas, and to the world that unselfishness which constitutes the brotherhood of man.

Be sure that on Christmas day you go along with the gift, or otherwise withhold the gift. What we all need, and must have, is the quickening life of each other. Give then, yourself.

## IN HOT PURSUIT.

How the days in hot pursuit chase each other! It seems but yesterday that we were greeting all Arlington with "a merry Christmas," and here we are now on the eve of another "merry Christmas." The years go by "as a tale that is told." The boy soon becomes the man, and the man before he is aware, finds himself on crutches. It is in no spirit of complaint that we put this unrelenting fact in what may first seem a disagreeable form. The flight and limit of time to each one of us has been wisely planned. Suppose for a moment we could live on indefinitely? We should by a law of nature come near

forgetting our own. One's blood ceases largely to count in a relative or family way after the third generation. Even the members of the same family practically forget each other after years of separation. Bodily presence and a looking into each other's faces must be had in order that mutual interest shall go on continuously. We may talk as we will of intercommunication of mind with mind, and wireless telegraphy, and so on to the end of the list, and even then it remains true that we must of necessity come more or less frequently into the corporeal presence of our friends if we are to feel sure that they live. We must hear their real voice, and more or less frequently feel the touch of the hand, that we may persuade ourselves of their personal existence. Members of the same family, were they to live to the age of Methuselah, would need a personal introduction to each other to renew even their acquaintance, and much more would they require this personal introduction were they to take on again the family life. The lapse of time and the separation that comes from intervening distances, make strangers of us all. So it is better that we happily live our threescore years and ten, and then die in the embrace of loved ones. As now arranged, the family circle is never entirely blotted out.

Time may do its worst, and even then it cannot put us beyond the greetings of our friends. Our "Merry Christmas" and our "Happy New Year" fall upon ears familiar to the voices of childhood and to those of maturer manhood. So that our Christmas greeting to Arlington is to the Arlington that we personally know, and not to an Arlington that has come down to us through a long line of history. The Enterprise hastens to extend its warmest greetings, as the holidays approach, to this goodly town of ours. Arlington, although not entirely perfect in her way of doing things, still stands in the very forefront of the suburban localities in near neighborhood to Boston. We have, in the majority of instances, happy homes, excellent schools, churches of various religious belief, all willing to let live as well as live, and other advantages that enter into happy successful lives.

Still, we are not to forget that Christmas overtakes us with our future yet to make. We have good schools, but we can better them in the time to come. We have broad and generous churches, still we can increase their width of thought and their generous way of doing things. We have excellent homes, but we can make them more excellent yet. We have a local journalism which has done and is doing, if one personally interested may judge, commendably well. And yet it can be made better. And so we say that Arlington has her future yet to determine. We cannot live upon the past. It is the now and the to-morrow which concern us. Every succeeding Christmas should find us with rarer and more abundant gifts to bestow upon those who need to draw upon our own lives that they may be thereby enriched and augmented. And be it remembered that the offering we make at this glad season of the year can only be made rarer and more abundant as we ourselves shall live rarer lives, which are deeper and higher and broader in all good things than ever before. So with our Christmas greeting to Arlington goes the wish that she may become the newer and better Arlington of the future. The days follow each other with dizzy rush, so that to catch on and hold on we must keep up with the never-ending procession of events.

## "I DIDN'T LIKE IT."

The above is what an intelligent friend wrote us the other day of a recent editorial of ours. The critic who sent us the line has an excellent impression of the Enterprise, so that the criticism came to us as an honest and frank expression of an individual opinion of the article to which reference was made. It will occur to the average reader that it is a little apart from the ordinary that the editor of a country newspaper should publish in his own columns an adverse criticism of his own work. We do this for two reasons, the first of which is, that an editor is not always at his best, and in the second place, that the critic is such a thing as honest, unselfish criticism.

The world as a whole is given to taffy. We frequently plaster our friends all over with false praise when we don't mean a word of it. We applaud their every act without reference to any merit the act may deserve. We exclaim, "How delightful," when there is nothing delightful about it. We too frequently sugar-coat everything we have to say, so that the spoken or written word may be made palatable. We wish that everybody might read what Mark Twain so well says in last Sunday's New York World about his first lie and how he got out of it. The most of us are given to lying for what is falsely termed courtesy. We say to our friends in many instances, "How glad I am to see you," when we do not care a snap for their presence, while on the other hand we are only too glad when they are gone. The most of us wear masks, so that our real selves are but seldom seen. The friend who said to us "I didn't like your editorial" headed so and so, came out into the open, so that we could clearly see the critic in undisguised form. And, beside, the criticism was honestly made, so that hereafter when this same critic has a good word for the Enterprise we shall know that it is all meant. Why not in each other and all instances be honest

with each and tell things as they seem to us? It doesn't matter that an adverse criticism may be disagreeable to personally receive—it is better to out with it, let it hit where it may. The majority of mankind need to be pounded and sometimes flayed in order that one may get at the wheat. Then again the editor is not always at his best. The brain will occasionally become dull and stupid, and the pen sluggish, and yet the weekly newspaper must be gotten out on time. We who dip the pen need more frequently than one might at first imagine, some Gabriel to raise us from the dead. We oftentimes mope when we should be making our way with a brisk step. There are a thousand and one conditions that must exist if one is to write out a thought worthy of the public mind. We must all tarry for a while at Jerusalem before we can do our best work.

"I didn't like it," if more frequently spoken, would serve us on to more earnest action and to higher endeavor. "I didn't like it" has this overshadowing virtue about it, it contains God's truth.

## WHY GO TO COLORADO?

Why do our consumptives so invariably go to Colorado and other points west when their lungs may be made healthy and strong right here in New England? It is a singular fact that one with weak and diseased lungs here at the east will keep himself for the greater part of the time well housed, entirely ignoring the truth that the purest air is always to be found out of doors. It is rapidly being proven that incipient consumption can be cured here at home as well as in Colorado. We personally know of this instance, and so we cite it.

A working man in Brockton, two or three years ago, was apparently so far gone with consumption, that his case was well nigh hopeless. His physician, Dr. C. S. Millet, advised him as a last resort to sleep at night out of doors. His patient, following the advice given, made a comfortable arrangement where he slept in the open air. Within six months the patient gained twenty-five pounds in flesh, and to-day is a well man, regularly engaged at his daily labor.

It was but natural with such a happy result in the case cited, that Dr. Millet should prescribe the same treatment for other consumptive patients. This he has done, and in each instance has the patient recovered. So impressed has Dr. Millet become with the restorative and healing power of oxygen that he himself sleeps for the greater portion of the year in the open air. He has a projection running out from the second story of his house in which his couch is placed, with an awning above to be used only in inclement weather. The doctor, while not a consumptive, still believes in oxygen as a preservative. He sleeps out of doors is to have ample covering while he takes in the fresh air at first hand. One may in New York and probably in Boston purchase for the roles for his covering, such as are used in northern latitudes. The point is to keep the body warm, while the mouth and through it the lungs are brought into direct contact with the out-door air.

Now, don't all rise up at once and exclaim that the doctor is a crank. He is a physician having a large practice, and a man of excellent judgment and scholarly attainments. So, why a crank? He is treating his consumptive patients substantially as such patients are treated in Colorado. The patient goes west that he may breathe in its exhilarating air, and the most of it possible. We do not know that the Colorado patient sleeps out of doors, but we do know that during the day he keeps himself out of the house as much as possible. So we repeat that Dr. Millet's treatment for weak lungs is essentially the same as the frequently-prescribed treatment that drives one west. With our bracing New England atmosphere, why should one go two thousand miles from home to get his prescriptions filled?

We write this article not to advertise the doctor, indeed he is entirely unaware that we have ever had a thought of penning these lines, and for aught we know he may be thoroughly vexed that we have done so. We have written of this new method of treating consumptives right at our own doors, thinking some of our Arlington people may be interested in it.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is now Mayor Hart again of Boston, much to the surprise of many a democrat.

The news this morning of the failure of the John P. Squire corporation for \$3,000,000, created a sensation.

Again and again comes the news of crushing defeats of the English army. Evidently the Boers are master of the situation. This time it is Gen. Buller.

## MARRIED.

HARRINGTON-MEANEY—At Arlington, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. J. M. Mulcahy, John Harrington of Cambridge and Mary Meaney of Arlington.

## DIED.

MARVIN—At Arlington, on the 11th inst., Chas. A. Marvin, aged 43 years.  
HURLEY—At Arlington, on the 10th inst., John J. Hurley, aged 6 years 11 months 25 days.

## OUR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

It is an opportune time, now that the Christmas season is so nearly upon us, in which the Enterprise may make its grateful acknowledgments to its subscribers and advertisers, and to those who have given this office patronage in other ways. There isn't one new-paper in many that could long survive upon its subscription list alone, although such list is no small factor in its financial success. The advertising columns, with the job work done, are the backbone of newspaperdom. So it is that we recognize that we are under many obligations to those business men in Arlington who have willingly and without protest given us their ads.

Arlington has every reason to feel not only satisfied, but a good deal proud of her enterprising business men. On business men recognize no competition that is not just and healthful. They pull together, well understanding the laws of trade.

The Arlington Food of Trade, so recently organized, is the outcome of that underlying principle in all successful mercantile life which insists upon fair play with those engaged in like business enterprises. Our business men have secured their patronage not only through fair dealings but through a uniform courtesy to their customers. They always have a cheerful good morning and a warm right hand for every one they meet.

But we hasten to individualize. There is James O. Holt, who runs a grocery and provision store, where one may get the best there is for his table. Mr. Holt keeps himself up to date, and so is never out of anything in his line of goods.

And then, who doesn't know S. Stickney & Co., who by their improved heaters soften the chill and cold of the winter months, so that one may continually live in the atmosphere of the summer time.

In the same line we may mention H. B. Johnson, the greenhouse contractor, who always keeps his steam and hot water heating up to the boiling point.

And Peirce & Winn Co. are the very men who keep the fire going. The music of their coal carts is heard in every nook and corner of Arlington, and for the reason that they deal in the best of coal at reasonable prices.

We wonder if there is anybody in this locality who doesn't know of the Central Dry Goods Co.? If there is any such one, we'll send him the Arlington Enterprise free for a year, and throw in an ad. besides. The Central Dry Goods store has a growing and pushing trade, because it has live men behind the counter, and a first-class quality of goods for its customers.

And, by the way, there is L. E. Robinson & Co., in the Post-office block, who are never caught napping in the day time. They are on the go all the while, so that no grass grows under their feet. Their goods are precisely what they represent them to be, and their prices within reach of everybody.

"Remember the Maine," and meanwhile do not forget the "Mane." The Arlington Harness Co., in Powle's Block, will furnish you from spur and whip up to the most elegant harness you may desire for your 240 on the road.

And this puts us vividly in mind of David Clark, of 10 Mill street, the livery man, who never allows anything to get by him on the dusty highway. In spite of increasing years, Mr. Clark is one of "boys" yet, and right up with the times in all matters concerning his business.

Coming right in line, there is George A. Law, whose hack and livery stable is equal to the best. Mr. Law finds little leisure time, as he is on the road both day and night, conveying his passengers to their several points of destination.

Next to the fleet horse, comes the easy-going carriage, and to be sure that you have such you have only to make your order of Charles Gott, who will fit you out in any style you wish. There is no one in Arlington who does not favorably know Mr. Gott.

Then if you are anxious that your baggage gets there on time with yourself, just call up Wood Brothers by telephone, and you will be sure to find your trunks, piled however high, awaiting your arrival.

And then, Johnson's Arlington Express is never behind time, indeed it is always ahead of time.

Many a happy home here in Arlington and elsewhere is made doubly happy by being insured with George Y. Wellington & Son. This enterprising firm knows all about the insurance business. Messrs. Wellington & Son represent eight mutual companies and ten stock companies. The elder member of the firm has long been identified with the business life of the town.

If you haven't a house and are about to build, see W. G. Kimball, 1003 Mass. ave., or Alexander Beaton, 795 Hibbert st., both of whom, as contractors and builders, understand their business from A to Z.

If you desire to rebuild yourself, or make yourself apparently new, just go to A. Bowman, whether you be man or woman, and let him put the tape line over you. The quality of his goods is first-class, and he never makes a misfit. If you are not possessed by nature with the "human form divine," Mr. Bowman will make it seem divine by his admirable and exact measurements. He supplies and fills in and rounds out all defects of nature.

And John D. Rosie knows his business (Continued on page 4.)

Piano for sale, in excellent order and a bargain. Address this office.

## HOUSE TO LET.

Eight rooms and bath, all modern conveniences, 3 minutes to steam or electric cars, post office, stores and schools. Inquire of L. C. Tyler.

## TO LET.

Hall on Chestnut street, by the night or month. Terms easy; centrally located. Apply to C. P. Cronan, or G. Enterprise office.

## TO LET.

Front Square Room, nicely furnished, in a private family, 385 Mass. avenue.

## ROOM TO LET.

Front room, furnished or unfurnished, at 177 Mass. avenue, opposite public library.

## LOW

## Telephone Rates.

Arlington Exchange.

ONLY \$25.00 A YEAR.

Party metallic circuit. Unlimited service for a telephone at your residence.

Can you afford to be without it?

Manager will furnish all particulars.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.

dec24w

George A. Law,

Hack and Livery Stable,

Mass Ave., Arlington

Having practically rebuilt the inside of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I am now prepared to take new boarders. I secure first class board and right prices. Teams sent and called for.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS AT LOW RATES AT THIS OFFICE

CHAS. GOTT Carriage Builder,

450 Mass. Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS

Jobbing in all branches.

Fine Painting a Specialty.

MARK SULLIVAN,

PRACTICAL

HORSE SHOER.

HAND-MADE STEEL SHOES

A SPECIALTY.

Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

ARLINGTON.

## STOP

your hair from falling out by using

Whittemore's

Quinine Hair Tonic,

Fully warranted.

F. R. DANIELS

606 Mass. Avenue,

Arlington.

All the leading styles in col-

ars, cuffs, ties, pins, etc.

The Bendix School of Music.

Piano, Violin

Guitar, Clarinet,

Personal instruction by William Bendix The Bendix Orchestra

Musical furnished for dances, etc.

Studio, 2 Park terrace, Arlington

DAVID CLARK,

23 years in the hacking business, is still at the same business at

10 MILL STREET, ARLINGTON.

Rubber-tired carriages for funerals, weddings, and evening parties. Also a wagonette for pleasure parties. Tel. connection. Daily

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division

OCT. 2, 1904.

## TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—6.30, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.38, 9.07, 11.19, A. M. 12.18, 1.01, 2.18, 3.54, 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 5.47, 6.15, 6.43, 7.11, 7.39, 8.07, 8.35, 9.03, 9.31, 10.18, 11.18, 11.46, 12.24, A. M. 12.58, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.55, 9.23, 10.01, 10.29, 11.07, 11.35, 12.13, 12.41, 1.19, 1.47, 2.15, 2.43, 3.11, 3.39, 4.07, 4.35, 5.03, 5.31, 6.00, 6.28, 6.56, 7.24, 7.52, 8.20, 8.48, 9.16, 9.44, 10.12, 10.40, 11.08, 11.36, 12.04, 12.32, 1.00, 1.28, 1.56, 2.24, 2.52, 3.20, 3.48, 4.16, 4.44, 5.12, 5.40, 6.08, 6.36, 7.04, 7.32, 8.00, 8.28, 8.56, 9.24, 9.52, 10.20, 10.48, 11.16, 11.44, 12.12, 12.40, 1.08, 1.36, 2.04, 2.32, 3.00, 3.28, 3.56, 4.24, 4.52, 5.20, 5.48, 6.16, 6.44, 7.12, 7.40, 8.08, 8.36, 9.04, 9.32, 10.00, 10.28, 10.56, 11.24, 11.52, 12.20, 12.48, 1.16, 1.44, 2.12, 2.40, 3.08, 3.36, 4.04, 4.32, 5.00, 5.28, 5.56, 6.24, 6.52, 7.20, 7.48, 8.16, 8.44, 9.12, 9.40, 10.08, 10.36, 11.04, 11.32, 12.00, 12.28, 1.00, 1.28, 1.56, 2.24, 2.52, 3.20, 3.48, 4.16, 4.44, 5.12, 5.40, 6.08, 6.36, 7.04, 7.32, 8.00, 8.28, 8.56, 9.24, 9.52, 10.20, 10.48, 11.16, 11.44, 12.12, 12.40, 1.08, 1.36, 2.04, 2.32, 3.00, 3.28, 3.56, 4.24, 4.52, 5.20, 5.48, 6.16, 6.44, 7.12, 7.40, 8.08, 8.36, 9.04, 9.32, 10.00, 10.28, 10.56, 11.24, 11.52, 12.20, 12.48, 1.16, 1.44, 2.12, 2.40, 3.08, 3.36, 4.04, 4.32, 5.00, 5.28, 5.56, 6.24, 6.52, 7.20, 7.48, 8.16, 8.44, 9.12, 9.40, 10.08, 10.36, 11.04, 11.32, 12.00, 12.28, 1.00, 1.28, 1.56, 2.24, 2.52, 3.20, 3.48, 4.16, 4.44, 5.12, 5.40, 6.08, 6.36, 7.04, 7.32, 8.00, 8.28, 8.56, 9.24, 9.52, 10.20, 10.48, 11.16, 11.44, 12.12, 12.40, 1.08, 1.36, 2.04, 2.32, 3.00, 3.28, 3.56, 4.24, 4.52, 5.20, 5.48, 6.16, 6.44, 7.12, 7.40, 8.08, 8.36, 9.04, 9.32, 10.00, 10.28, 10.56, 11.24, 11.52, 12.20, 12.48, 1.16, 1.44, 2.12, 2.40, 3.08, 3.36, 4.04, 4.32, 5.00, 5.28, 5.56, 6.24, 6.52, 7.20, 7.48, 8.16, 8.44, 9.12, 9.40, 10.08, 10.36, 11.04, 11.32, 12.00, 12.28, 1.00, 1.28, 1.56, 2.24, 2.52, 3.20, 3.48, 4.16, 4.44, 5.12, 5.40, 6.08, 6.36, 7.04, 7.32, 8.00, 8.28, 8.56, 9.24, 9.52, 10.20, 10.48, 11.16, 11.44, 12.12, 12.40, 1.08, 1.36, 2.04, 2.32, 3.00, 3.28, 3.56, 4.24, 4.52, 5.20, 5.48, 6.16, 6.44, 7.12, 7.40, 8.08, 8.36, 9.04, 9.32, 10.00, 10.28, 10.56, 11.24, 11.52, 12.20, 12.48, 1.16, 1.44, 2.12, 2.40, 3.08, 3.36, 4.04, 4.32, 5.00, 5.28, 5.56, 6.24, 6.52, 7.20, 7.48, 8.16, 8.44, 9.12, 9.40, 10.08, 10.36, 11.04, 11.32, 12.00, 12.28, 1.00, 1.28, 1.56, 2.24, 2.52, 3.20, 3.48, 4.16, 4.44, 5.12, 5.40, 6.08, 6.36, 7.04, 7.32, 8.00, 8.28, 8.56, 9.24, 9.52, 10.20, 10.48, 11.16, 11.44, 12.12, 12.40, 1.08, 1.36, 2.04, 2.32, 3.00, 3.28, 3.56, 4.24, 4.52, 5.20, 5.48, 6.16, 6.44, 7.12, 7.40, 8.08, 8.36, 9.04, 9.32, 10.00, 10.28, 10.56, 11.24, 11.52, 12.20, 12.48, 1.16, 1.44, 2.12, 2.40, 3.08, 3.36, 4.04, 4.32, 5.00, 5.28, 5.56, 6.24, 6.52, 7.20, 7.48, 8.16, 8.44, 9.12, 9.40, 10.08, 10.36, 11.04, 11.32, 12.00, 12.28, 1.00, 1.28, 1.56, 2.24, 2.52, 3.20, 3.48, 4.16, 4.44, 5.12, 5.40, 6.08, 6.36, 7.04, 7.32, 8.00, 8.28, 8.56, 9.24, 9.52, 10.20, 10.48, 11.16, 11.44, 12.12, 12.40, 1.08, 1.36, 2.04, 2.32, 3.00, 3.28, 3.56, 4.24, 4.52, 5.20, 5.48, 6.16, 6.44, 7.12, 7.40, 8.08, 8.36, 9.04, 9.32, 10.00, 10.28, 10.56, 11.24, 11.52, 12.20, 12.48, 1.16, 1.44, 2.12, 2.40, 3.08, 3.36, 4.04, 4.32, 5.00, 5.28, 5.56, 6.24, 6.52, 7.20, 7.48, 8.16, 8.44, 9.12, 9.40, 10.08, 10.36, 11.04, 11.32, 12.00, 12.28, 1.00, 1.28, 1.56, 2.24, 2.52, 3.20, 3.48, 4.16, 4.44, 5.12, 5.40, 6.08, 6.36, 7.04, 7.32, 8.00, 8.28, 8.56, 9.24, 9.52, 10.20, 10.48, 11.16, 11.44, 12.12, 12.40, 1.08, 1.36, 2.04, 2.32, 3.00, 3.28, 3.56, 4.24, 4.52, 5.20, 5.48, 6.16, 6.44, 7.12, 7.40, 8.08, 8.36, 9.04, 9.32, 10.00, 10.28, 10.56, 11.24, 11.52, 12.20, 12.48, 1.16, 1.44, 2.12, 2.40, 3.08, 3.36

## ARLINGTON NEWS.

Cards are out for the Golf ball on Dec. 31.

Secure your seats early for "A Night Off" Jan. 5th.

The Universalist society will hold a fair Jan. 17-18.

Early communion at St. John's at 7:30 to-morrow morning.

Be sure and buy a ticket for the A. V. F. A. ball on Dec. 12.

Do not miss seeing the pictures on exhibition at Robbins library.

Dr. Greene will answer your calls by calling up his number 159-4.

Mr. G. Gray Homer is interested in the telephone business in Maine.

Veritas lodge held its regular meeting on Monday evening in Grand Army hall.

Miss Mary C. Hardy is to spend her Christmas in the City of Brotherly Love.

Dr. Helen Woodworth, recently of Arlington, is now at 513 Boylston street, Boston.

Wednesday evening Bethel lodge conferred the second degree on three candidates.

The new organ for the Pleasant street Congregational church will be in use for Christmas.

Representatives of the Ida F. Butler lodge visited the lodge at Watertown on Monday evening.

Mr. William Schwamb is making rapid progress in preparing the new quarters for Eureka.

Mr. Joseph Shepard and family of Bartlett ave. are now residing on Huntington ave., Boston.

The Chautauqua circle will meet at the residence of Mrs. George A. Stevens on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Henry W. Berthrong and Miss Berthrong are to spend the winter with Mr. Berthrong in Cuba.

Camp 45 S. of V. added two new members Tuesday evening. Hereafter they will meet only once a month.

Monday evening will be the election of officers of Ida F. Butler Rebekah lodge. A full attendance is desired.

On Friday evening Dec. 22, W. D. Elwell and H. Maxwell Brooks will give their second dance of the series in Town Hall.

Mrs. E. D. Hooker is to read a paper on Browning before the members of the Unitarian Alliance on Monday afternoon of next week.

The Colonial entertainment to be held in the vestry of the Congregational church, sometime in January, promises to be an interesting event.

That nameless whist club held their last meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison G. Brown, Kensington park, on Tuesday evening.

Take "A Night Off" and see the Boat club entertainment Jan. 5th.

For your evergreens and Christmas trees go to H. L. Frost & Co., Post office building. Their stock is immense, and you can get just what you want.

Loyal Temperance legion holds its weekly meeting in the parish house, Maple street, on Monday at a quarter to four. Forty-three names have been enrolled.

The third in the course of advent lectures on the Lord's prayer will be given by the Rev. James Yeakel in St. John's church to-morrow evening. Subject, "The father's kingdom." Evensong at 7:30.

The Rev. Mr. Bushnell took in the address of President Tucker of Dartmouth college on Thursday at Harvard college. President Tucker spoke concerning the line and services of Washington.

This week Mr. A. A. Tilden had a gas-making machine put into his place of business, and the result, which is perfectly white, is a decided improvement. Many have stopped and admired the lights.

We have just received from Peirce & Winn Co. a Christmas remembrance in the shape of a suggestive ad., headed "Don't play with the fire." Peirce & Winn Co. never forget the return of the annual holidays.

Ladies clean your kid gloves with La Belle glove cleaner, for sale only by W. A. Hodges, post office building. Headquarters for high grade stationery, confectionery and newspapers.

Mrs. Theresa L. Kidder's "talk" before the Missionary society of the Congregational church on Wednesday afternoon will be on "The relation of physical culture to morals," illustrated with exercises to musical accompaniment.

See the Critique club in "A Night Off" Jan. 9th.

Mr. Harold L. Frost has secured the contract of trimming trees and putting them in a shape for Edwin Ginn's vast estate in Winchester. This is an immense contract, and Mr. Frost secured the same on his merits as an honest, efficient and experienced entomologist.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Ira Russell celebrated the 25th anniversary of their marriage at their home, 1108 Mass. avenue. The couple are blessed with numerous relatives, a goodly number of whom assembled to offer their congratulations, as well as more substantial tokens of goodwill.

The Misses Wellington at the kindergarten took their interesting family of children the other day to Mr. N. J. Hardy's bakery, that they might see for themselves how Mr. Hardy cooks in such a toothsome way. Mr. Hardy pleasantly received the little folks, and gave each one of them a cream cake.

Miss Laurel Hardy was given a party on Tuesday afternoon from five to eight o'clock, the occasion being the anniversary of her thirteenth birthday. The decorations were in pink, and had their setting around an elegant birthday cake. The spread was just what might be expected at the hands of N. J. Hardy, the popular caterer. Miss Laurel was the recipient of many choice presents.

The singing at the Baptist church on Sunday morning will be rendered by a double quartette. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," an anthem by Garretti. "Let the words of my mouth" by Blair. Mrs. Smith soprano will sing "The voice of the Father" by Cowen. The same double quartette will render the music on Christmas Sunday.

Yesterday the December number of the Arlington High School Clarion was distributed to the scholars. It was gotten out at the Enterprise office as usual. This number is unusually well written and reflects great credit on editor Herbert L. Kidder. The Clarion is all right, and so are the members of the board who edit and manage it.

It should have been in our last issue Joseph H. Law, not Lowe, who took the prize at the cake walk in Winchester a few evenings since. Everybody knows Joseph, the young man who drives you behind a fleet horse and in an easy going car, takes to any point near or remote. Well, Joseph won the cake, and this, too, in competition with a professional.

Our Arlington public schools did not forget to make on Thursday honorable and loving mention of the name, and heroic valor of George Washington. Thursday, the centennial anniversary of his death, was generally observed throughout the country in bringing to the life service of the Father of his Country, to the minds of the American people.

At the Baptist church on Sunday morning there will be an augmented choir and special music rendered. The pastor's subject is "The Christian Spoiled." In the evening at the people's service of praise and preaching, the large chorus will sing an opening number and lead the congregational singing of familiar hymns. The subject of the sermon is "What comes first?" Seats are all free to everybody, and all are heartily welcomed.

We shall be under many obligations to those having news items of interest. If they will mail such matter to the editor of the Enterprise. If you desire to convince you self whether there is any work in running a weekly newspaper, just attempt to play the role of editor and reporter at one and the same time. We only fear that the query "what's the news?" will finally become intellibly stamped upon our forehead. Please send us the news and so help us in our Macedonian cry.

Camp 45 Sons of Veterans held an important meeting on Tuesday evening. Past captain H. E. Moir of Melrose inspected the camp. Refreshments were served. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, William A. Stevens; 1st lieutenant, Edward A. Gibbons; 2d lieutenant, Edward A. Knowlton; camp council, George W. Knowlton, Edward C. Jacobs, Major J. Bacon; delegates to encampment, Edward A. Gibbons, Edward A. Knowlton; alternates, Berthrong and Marden.

Train No. 7 leaving Boston at 6.42 a. m. and due at Arlington at 7.01 ran into a milk wagon at the crossing at Swan place on Wednesday. The wagon was driven by Patrick Ahern, and owned by Mr. G. H. Russell of Belmont. The horse had one of its forelegs cut off. It was subsequently shot by Chief of police Harriman. The wagon was smashed and the driver thrown to the ground and injured. Dr. Hooker, who attended the driver, sent him to the Mass. General Hospital. It is understood that his injuries are not serious.

At a meeting of the Francis Gould Post 36, held on Thursday evening in Grand Army hall, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Commander, Charles H. Prentiss; senior vice-commander, Jacob O. Winchester; junior vice-commander, Henry S. Harris; quartermaster, S. C. Frost; chaplain W. P. W. Willard; surgeon, David Chenery; officer of the day, Henry Bradley; officer of the guard, Edward Brown delegate to department convention, Frank Marden, alternate, H. D. Durkin. After the election of officers a social hour was enjoyed. Refreshments were served.

We dropped into the study of the Rev. S. C. Bushnell the other evening and found him deep in sermonizing in front of an open grate all ablaze. The thought at once occurred to us that the cheerful wood fire is source of inspiration to Mr. Bushnell in his work. One before an open grate must be very greatly assisted in his religious meditation. To watch the shadows upon the wall as they come and go, is to put one at peace with all the world. The open fire say we. We'll venture that the Pleasant street Congregational church is under many obligations to that cheerful fire in Mr. Bushnell's study for assuring and quieting instruction. "While I was musing the fire burned," so says the psalmist.

Charles S. Marvin of Avon place so recently deceased, was a man who in his daily life exemplified the rarest christian virtues. Mr. Marvin had been for years in the employ of Ginn & Co. holding an important position. So respected and beloved was he by the firm, that on Wednesday the day of the funeral, Ginn & Co.'s manufacturing establishment suspended business that they and their employees might attend the last sad rites of one whom they held in such high esteem. On the death of Mr. Marvin's father some years ago a large family of children were left dependent. Charles Marvin, the eldest of the family, promised the father that he would care for his brothers, which promise he has faithfully and lovingly fulfilled, in the home that he has given them on Avon place. In the death of Mr. Marvin all have lost a true and devoted friend.

Drs. Greene and La Marche of Cambridge were in consultation Saturday night over Mr. Olson of Franklin street, who suffered a rather severe hemorrhage.

The Ladies' Mission society of the Baptist church had a notable meeting on Wednesday afternoon, with an unusually full attendance. The special topic of the meeting was the chapel-car work of the Bible and Publication society. Dr. C. H. Spalding, the secretary for New England, was the guest of the occasion. As the immediate predecessor of Dr. Watson in the pastorate, he was received with the warmth of an old friend. He spoke delightfully of the chapel-car as a most fascinating form of Christian evangelism, gave an account of its genesis, told how the growth had come from one car to five, described the method of working in the frontier towns and settlements, and its grateful welcome by the people as a visitation of Christian blessing. Mrs. Joseph P. Wyman, the president of the society, presided, and during the social hour following the address Mrs. D. L. Tappan and Mrs. W. Howard Hunt poured chocolate and dispensed an appetizing collation.

The Arlington Board of Trade held an interesting meeting on Tuesday evening last. It was voted to meet hereafter on the fourth Tuesday evening of each month instead of on the second Tuesday as heretofore. It was also voted to hold a social on Tuesday evening, Dec. 26, the social to be in charge of the entertainment committee. There was one application for membership. Several brief addresses were made during the evening by a half dozen or more of the members. President Hardy in his talk underscored the thought that the work of the Arlington Board of Trade should be first the building up in all its departments this locality, for whatever benefit is to come to the individual membership of the Board of Trade must largely come through Arlington. The speaker insisted that we should have good roads, neatly kept side walks—indeed everything in and about Arlington should be kept in trimmest shape. Mr. Robinson in his brisk little speech strongly backed Mr. Hardy. His declaration was, that if the business life of Arlington was to draw to itself and so take on larger proportions, it must hold out proper inducements; good roads and clean streets are of the first importance. As Mr. Robinson properly views it, nothing should be left undone to make better and render more attractive our home town. Mr. C. S. Parker followed up with the same thought. It is evidently the disposition of the Board of Trade to help and aid in every way the further and more complete development of the town, recognizing the primal fact that they best serve themselves who first serve other's.

Don't hesitate to take "A Night Off" with the boat club Jan. 9th.

The sale, supper and entertainment, given in Grand Army hall on Wednesday evening by the Women's Christian Temperance union, proved a very successful affair. The hall was tastefully decorated throughout. At the fancy table, Mrs. Georgie Swan presided. The apron table was in charge of Mrs. C. A. Learned. At the fudge table was Henry D. Kidder. The candy table was in the keeping of Miss Williams. All these tables were neatly and attractively arranged and well patronized. The Christmas tree, which made a brilliant showing, was in charge of Mrs. Georgie Hill. The sale of the great variety of articles brought in a substantial purse of money. The supper, under the management of the chairman of the supper committee, Mrs. Edwin Day, was inviting in every way. There were something like 200 plates. Mrs. Day and her numerous assistants gracefully served at the tables. The entertainment which Mrs. M. E. Roberts arranged and gave free of cost to the union was thoroughly enjoyable. Mrs. Kidder of 17 Addison street read in an admirable way "Barbara Fieckey," and in response to the encore given she recited "The Raggedy Man." Mrs. Kidder's rendition of the above selections was a marked feature of the evening. The violin solo by Miss Maud Blakesley of West Medford was finely executed, and it received hearty applause. The singing by Fred Roberts was well received by the audience. Mrs. Roberts deserves a "well done" for the goodwill she evinced for the Women's Christian Temperance union through the entertainment which she so thoughtfully planned and gave. This association of women, working for so worthy a cause, should receive the aid and encouragement of all Arlington. Any and all efforts, the object of which is to secure and promote a better citizenship, by right should receive the support of an appreciative public.

The State of Maine sports were all gathered in a bunch on Thursday evening of this week to stretch the truth to its utmost limit at the clubhouse of the Arlington Heights Gun club, telling stories of their fall's hunt in the woods of Maine and the provinces, making the evening one of the pleasantest for those interested in the true sport of hunting big game. They were entertained by a description of a moose hunt from Mr. Tilden into Nullhudos mountains; by Mr. Partridge in his moose hunt to Shelburne, N. S.; Mr. Hardy in his moose hunt to Canada; Mr. Whittemore on his trip to the Menotomy club grounds; Mr. Cushing to the west branch; Mr. Farmer on his trip up on the Quam river and St. John's. Mr. J. A. Bailey, Jr., gave a very interesting account of his trip last fall to Atkinson camp in Maine, where he saw so many moose, returning with a wee head to

repay him for his many a long tramp. The many stories were listened to with strict attention, and many a friendly crack was made by one and another for his friend's misfortune in his trip to Maine, after which every one enjoyed the good spread furnished for them, the meeting breaking up about 12.30 a.m. Shaking hands and good bye was said many a time over and over. The unfortunate trio of moose hunters vowed that there would be no sleep until the cunning moose was theirs to tell about at their meeting next year. Those who were present were: Walter W. Field, J. W. Ronco, N. J. Hardy, E. C. Woods, O. W. Whittemore, Fred W. Damon, W. H. Harrison, Frank Field, Charles F. Lombard, Chas. L. Holmes, W. P. Hadley, Walter B. Farmer, C. A. Cushing, F. A. Feick, Chas. G. Sunergren, Jos. A. Holmes, Clarence T. Parsons, W. O. Partridge, J. R. Mann, A. Bart, Hill, H. M. Bacon, James D. Dow, Frank D. Field, Elliott A. Gove, A. A. Tilden, J. A. Bailey, Jr.

See how the Arlington Boat club takes "A Night Off" Jan. 9th.

Dr. Watson and his people must certainly have been gratified with the response to their free and cordial invitation to the opening service in the large audience room of the church on Sunday evening. There was present an audience that quite filled the house. People of all faiths, and some perhaps of none in particular, were present, and all seemed to enter very heartily into the live and interesting service. The beautiful gothic interior of the edifice lights up invitingly, and, filled with responsive faces, makes an attractive picture. The large chorus of twenty voices filled the choir gallery, and gave a strong lead to the popular congregational singing. The hymns were all old favorites that people love to sing, and they sang with a will. If this first service is a criterion of those to follow, the people want an evening service, and want to sing praises to God, that is certain. Dr. Watson, judging from his first sermon, is in earnest, and does not intend to waste his opportunity. He says what he thinks in free, unconventional fashion, calls a spade a spade and a fig a fig, and asks no pardons. He has no intention of mere sensational effects, we judge, but is determined to utter the truth about doctrine and duty as he believes it. He emphasized in his sermon the fact that the people before him were neighbors and townsmen, and not of one denominational stripe, and that the issue religious was too deep and vital in a town to be missed by keeping on your own side-track, away from the greater thoroughfare of truth and duty that every soul ought to travel. Evidently the sermon was introductory, and the two texts of the preacher seemed made to order for his topic: "The purpose of preaching and church-going." Here were the texts: Acts x. 29-31. The first was Peter's question, "I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me?" the second was the answer of Cornelius: "We are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of him." "What do you want of me?" said Peter. "We are here," said Cornelius, the spokesman of the people, "to hear what God requires of thee and of us." Direct question and answer like this keeps things practical and concrete, and avoid all religious tangents and side-issues. Peter's question is the question for every preacher; and Cornelius' answer is the answer of every church-goer. The purpose of the preacher is to declare God and to feed the universal hunger for him in the human heart. When he keeps strictly to that intent, he stands entirely apart as an unique and holy power among men. There is no danger of his becoming the rival of the clown, the mountebank, the showman or the clever entertainer. He is upon a level where there are no rivals. His very presence in the pulpit ought to suggest God to the people; and they ought to expect him to speak for God to them. Cornelius was not expecting Peter to tifle with him. When people come to the preacher "to hear all that God says to them," they will not be trifled with, neither will he dispense to them entertaining or mirth-provoking chaff instead of the bread of God who came down from heaven to give his life for the world. The purpose of church-going, then, is hearing God, and that includes worship and obedience. We do not go to show our clothes, to enjoy good society, to give ourselves a sort of pious indulgence, or to gather social tattle. We hunger for God and go for food, else we go that we may hunger for him. Every service should bring us face to face with him whose claim upon us is supreme. God is, and God cares. You also are—do you care? Such considerations—in worship and duty will tip a man off his little seat of judgment in the sanctuary and take him down from his pedestal of criticism. We don't soar very high in our own estimation when we are hearing God and learning from him what sin is and what it costs. The subject was a searching one, and the presentation realistic. The people listened intently. Dr. Watson announced for his next theme: "What comes first?" A suggestive question.

To Cure Constipation in One Week  
To Purify the Blood in One Week  
To Strengthen Nerves in One Week  
To Cure Sick Headache in One Day  
Take Cleveland's Celery Compound.  
25c. If it fails to cure, your money will be refunded. H. A. Perham, druggist.



**JOHN D. ROSIE,**  
Respectfully announces that he is prepared to make  
**Suits Overcoatings and Trouserings**  
in the latest styles and fabrics, both foreign and domestic, at reasonable prices.  
Also particular attention given to ladies' work  
637 Mass. Avenue, P. O. Arcade.

**W. A. HODGES,**  
POST-OFFICE BUILDING,  
ARLINGTON.  
Newspapers, Periodicals  
Full line of Cigars and Tobacco,  
Stationery, Confectionery.  
Open evenings till 8 o'clock; Saturday evening till 10 o'clock.

If you wish your expressing done on time and trunks taken to and from the depots, try  
**WELCH'S**  
**Arlington Express,**  
W. E. BROWN, Prop.  
Boston Office: 75 Kilby St., 14 Devonshire St., 139 Kingston St. Order Box, Fairview Hall Market.  
Arlington Order Boxes: Cushing's Store at Heights, Town Hall and corner Beacon St.  
FURNITURE MOVING.  
Residence, 955 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

**Johnson's Arlington Express.**  
**J. H. EDWARD'S Prop.**  
Main Office, Monument View House  
Opp. Soldiers' Monument.  
Order Box, Faneuil Hall Market  
Haggage checked to all depots and steamboat wharves or transferred to destination.  
If you have any Expressing, Piano or Furniture Moving to do please give us a call.  
We have the largest business and can give better results than any other express in Arlington. Telephone, 122-3 Arlington  
Two Trips Daily. First Team Due at 1 p.m.

PICTURE FRAMES. CRAYONS.  
**Litchfield Studio**  
535 Mass. Ave.,  
Arlington, Mass.

PHOTOS. WATER COLORS.  
**H. B. JOHNSON,**  
**Steam and Hot Water Heating,**  
Greenhouse Contractor, Steam Pump Repairer, etc.  
PIPE AND FITTINGS FOR SALE AT BOSTON PRICES.  
BROADWAY AND WINTER STS.,  
ARLINGTON.  
Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and action guaranteed.  
Sept. 30, 1917

Established 1826.  
**Arlington Insurance Agency**  
George Y. Wellington & Son, Agents.  
Eight Mutual Companies, Ten Stock Companies. Office open daily and Wednesday and Saturday evenings.  
Savings Bank Building, Arlington Avenue.

**DON'T LOSE THE CHANCE!**  
We have a few of these stoves left which we will sell at a greatly reduced price for cash:  
Large 3 burner step stove and oven, former price \$13.50; price to close \$10.12  
Small 2 burner stove and oven, former price \$9.50; price to close \$7.62  
**S. STICKNEY & CO.,**



Something Sweet and Tempting.  
can be found at all times in our choice baking of ornamental and layer cakes, fancy cakes, loaf and fancy cakes, fine pastry, delicious breads, rolls, biscuits and bake-stuffs of all kinds, that will suit the most epicurean palate. Don't waste time and money baking when we will serve you with goods baked from the highest grade materials at low prices.  
**N. J. HARDY.**  
Baker and Caterer, 657 Mass. Ave.

**Enterprise, \$1 Year.**

# CHRISTMAS.



The little folks are looking for Santa Claus each meal; They ever hear the music of his toy-laden wheel. They love the chimney corner when the evening shadows fall, For there's where all the stockings hang—the very best of all!

They're just the sweetest children now that ever you have known, And all the world is brighter for those dear ways of their own, They love the chimney corner—for there's where Santa comes, And he's bringing them their rattles, and all their dolls and drums.

## FESTAL CHEER.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill: But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still. Each age has deemed the newborn year The fittest time for festal cheer.



By WARREN McVEIGH.



**A**MIABLE little Max found out about the weakness of the flesh and the will in gness of the spirit at about the same time that his first real disappointment came to him, and immediately after his first attempt to commit the virtue of self-sacrifice.

Max was six years old. His dog "Jack" was an amiable creature, and had endeared himself very much to his master. Jack had to get in the way of a truck, and Jack died.

The hope of Max's heart was the fact that when he, too, died,—which because of the death of Jack he then hoped would be very soon,—he would meet Jack in heaven. Somebody—some unimaginative person—told Max that dogs did not go to heaven, that they had no souls. That was Max's first great disappointment.

The second was like unto it. The same somebody—one of those bothersome bodies who put shoes and stockings on little boys on rainy days in the summer, and make them wear uncomfortable clothes when they go in swimming—told Max the whole story of Santa Claus.

Max took his sorrowful heart to his mother's knee, and, hoping against hope, told her what he had heard, and when it was all over he felt better, for in place of the beautiful story he had lost she had told him another.

In the long, cool grass down near the water's edge, he thought of the new story, and the more he thought of it the better he liked it.

"If Dot was to fall in that water there," he said half aloud, as he sat up and looked out over the dancing wavelets of the lake, "I'd dive in after her. Maybe I'd be drowned;—but what of that? I'd be self-sacrificing. Supposin' I was drowned; anyhow, they'd put me in the parlor, and everybody would cry and say I was a good boy, and had given up my life for Dot. And I would give it up for her, that I would."

Whereupon Max began to think of such terrible things that might happen to his sister Dot, who was only four years old, and of still more terrible things that might happen to him, if he should try to sacrifice himself for her, that pretty soon he began to feel a little weak in the knees, and it began to get cold down in the grass, and the little boy decided to whistle and go to see the pigs.

While he was poking them in the ribs, Max had an idea. It suddenly occurred to him that there was no sense in his making it a matter of life and death just to sacrifice himself. His mother had told him that men and women gave gifts to their little children at Christmas to make them happy, and that self-denial and self-sacrifice were the true essence of the Christmas spirit.

Max had a little fortune stored away in his bank. This fortune he decided to spend to make Dot happy.

Full of this idea, he ran to his mother. Her consent was a matter of course, and Max arranged the preliminaries.

"Dot," he said that night, as they lay in their cribs, "how do you like Christmases?"

Dot's eyes grew big. She remembered the dolls of the past winter, and the lights of the Christmas tree, and Max thanked his stars that he had thought of such a grand scheme, when the very idea of it made Dot so happy.

"Well," said he, when she had told him in the strongest terms how very much she liked Christmases, "you just watch out day after to-morrow, and hang up your stockings to-morrow, and you'll see another Christmas. That's what."

Dot suggested that it was summer-time. But Max said that was all right, that Kris Kringle was coming in a hay-wagon, and that the reindeer had been turned into mules with great long ears. Dot fell asleep with wonderful thoughts of reindeer turned into mules with long ears, and Max sighed, remembering his own fond fancies about Kris Kringle, and how he, too, had been happy once.

The next day was full of work for the little boy. First, he had to keep Dot's thoughts keyed up to the most intense pitch, for the little girl could not get over her doubts about the reindeer and the snow. Then he had to consult the bank. He found there was just sixty-six cents in it.

In the first excitement of his desire to sacrifice himself he had decided to spend every cent he had; but now, on second thoughts, he concluded that half of his fortune would buy enough things to fill his sister's stocking, and then he would still have a little money left. Finally, he compromised on twenty-five cents for Dot, and with just a little feeling that he was not as generous as he should be, he went down into the village to make his purchases.

He bought a large orange for the toe of the stocking, and an apple to go next, and then a lot of candy and kisses, and then a banana to peep out of the top.

With his purchases tucked under his coat, he stole home, and though Dot was fast asleep in the nursery, taking her afternoon nap, Max had all the fun and mystery of stealing cau-

liked it when his mother cried over him. It made him feel queer and nice. The minutes crept along, and still the little boy sat in the dim light watching the stocking, listening to Dot breathing lazily in her sleep, and thinking of what a good boy he had been, and how nice it was to sacrifice yourself for another's happiness.

And then all of a sudden it occurred to him that there was nothing in the world that he liked better than bananas. The one he had bought for Dot was the very best one in the market, thick and rich and yellow. Max hadn't tasted a banana in a month, and the more he looked at the tempting banana in Dot's stocking the more he yearned for just one bite of it.

Max arose and went over to the stocking. He had made up his mind just to take it out and smell it, and then to put it back where it had been. It smelled very good indeed, and

"THIS HOUSEHOLD HAS GROWN SINCE LAST YEAR."



Here's to Christmas time in Cuba, where it's ninety in the shade; Here's to Christmas in Alaska, near where Santa's toys are made; Here's to Christmas in Hawaii and in Porto Rico, too; Here's to Christmas in Manila, with our soldier boys in blue; Here's to Uncle Sam's Christmas, though we quarrel o'er its size; Here's to Christmas, merry Christmas, where'er the old flag flies!

Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.

Then it occurred to him that Dot wouldn't mind a bit if he took half of it. He could tell her all about it in the morning. She always gave him half of everything she had, and besides, hadn't he bought all those things for her? and even if he ate the whole banana there would be plenty of fruit left for her. So he ate the whole of it, and then, half ashamed of himself, he hid the skin under the chair and took another look at his sister to make sure that she had not seen him.

And still the stocking looked so full and good and tempting that Max thought if he could only have one candy, or one of the kisses, he would be supremely happy; and so he took one out and tasted it, and it was so good that he ate another and another.

Until, all of a sudden, before he half knew what he had done, the door flew open, and there stood his father and mother. And on the floor lay the little tot of a human being, crying as if his heart would break, for the stocking hung flat and empty, and Max had begun to realize that all of his self-sacrifice had been in vain; that he was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless little boy, and that his sister, Dot, would have nothing but disappointed tears for him in the morning.—St. Nicholas.

Christmas Day Was Unknown.

Christmas Day was unknown to Clement of Alexandria, and only adopted at Antioch from Rome in 376 A. D., according to Chrysostom. The Roman festival coincided with the old dies natalis Invicti Solis.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2, or Candlemas Day.

night-lamp, and contemplated his work. The stocking really did look very beautiful. The orange and the apple made big lumps at the toe, and one end of the banana peeped out at the top of the stocking, very inviting and nice.

"HE SAT DOWN NEAR THE NIGHT-LAMP, AND CONTEMPLATED HIS WORK."

Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.

Then it occurred to him that Dot wouldn't mind a bit if he took half of it. He could tell her all about it in the morning. She always gave him half of everything she had, and besides, hadn't he bought all those things for her? and even if he ate the whole banana there would be plenty of fruit left for her. So he ate the whole of it, and then, half ashamed of himself, he hid the skin under the chair and took another look at his sister to make sure that she had not seen him.

And still the stocking looked so full and good and tempting that Max thought if he could only have one candy, or one of the kisses, he would be supremely happy; and so he took one out and tasted it, and it was so good that he ate another and another.

Until, all of a sudden, before he half knew what he had done, the door flew open, and there stood his father and mother. And on the floor lay the little tot of a human being, crying as if his heart would break, for the stocking hung flat and empty, and Max had begun to realize that all of his self-sacrifice had been in vain; that he was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless little boy, and that his sister, Dot, would have nothing but disappointed tears for him in the morning.—St. Nicholas.

Christmas Day Was Unknown.

Christmas Day was unknown to Clement of Alexandria, and only adopted at Antioch from Rome in 376 A. D., according to Chrysostom. The Roman festival coincided with the old dies natalis Invicti Solis.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2, or Candlemas Day.

Max decided to sit up and hear what his mother had to say about his work. He knew that she would take him on her lap and kiss him, and call him a good little boy, and maybe, he thought, she would cry a little. Max always



"ON THE FLOOR LAY THE LITTLE TOT OF A HUMAN BEING, CRYING AS IF HIS HEART WOULD BREAK."

liked it when his mother cried over him. It made him feel queer and nice. The minutes crept along, and still the little boy sat in the dim light watching the stocking, listening to Dot breathing lazily in her sleep, and thinking of what a good boy he had been, and how nice it was to sacrifice yourself for another's happiness.

And then all of a sudden it occurred to him that there was nothing in the world that he liked better than bananas. The one he had bought for Dot was the very best one in the market, thick and rich and yellow. Max hadn't tasted a banana in a month, and the more he looked at the tempting banana in Dot's stocking the more he yearned for just one bite of it.

Max arose and went over to the stocking. He had made up his mind just to take it out and smell it, and then to put it back where it had been. It smelled very good indeed, and

"THIS HOUSEHOLD HAS GROWN SINCE LAST YEAR."

Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.

Then it occurred to him that Dot wouldn't mind a bit if he took half of it. He could tell her all about it in the morning. She always gave him half of everything she had, and besides, hadn't he bought all those things for her? and even if he ate the whole banana there would be plenty of fruit left for her. So he ate the whole of it, and then, half ashamed of himself, he hid the skin under the chair and took another look at his sister to make sure that she had not seen him.

And still the stocking looked so full and good and tempting that Max thought if he could only have one candy, or one of the kisses, he would be supremely happy; and so he took one out and tasted it, and it was so good that he ate another and another.

Until, all of a sudden, before he half knew what he had done, the door flew open, and there stood his father and mother. And on the floor lay the little tot of a human being, crying as if his heart would break, for the stocking hung flat and empty, and Max had begun to realize that all of his self-sacrifice had been in vain; that he was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless little boy, and that his sister, Dot, would have nothing but disappointed tears for him in the morning.—St. Nicholas.

Christmas Day Was Unknown.

Christmas Day was unknown to Clement of Alexandria, and only adopted at Antioch from Rome in 376 A. D., according to Chrysostom. The Roman festival coincided with the old dies natalis Invicti Solis.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2, or Candlemas Day.

night-lamp, and contemplated his work. The stocking really did look very beautiful. The orange and the apple made big lumps at the toe, and one end of the banana peeped out at the top of the stocking, very inviting and nice.

"HE SAT DOWN NEAR THE NIGHT-LAMP, AND CONTEMPLATED HIS WORK."

Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.

Then it occurred to him that Dot wouldn't mind a bit if he took half of it. He could tell her all about it in the morning. She always gave him half of everything she had, and besides, hadn't he bought all those things for her? and even if he ate the whole banana there would be plenty of fruit left for her. So he ate the whole of it, and then, half ashamed of himself, he hid the skin under the chair and took another look at his sister to make sure that she had not seen him.

And still the stocking looked so full and good and tempting that Max thought if he could only have one candy, or one of the kisses, he would be supremely happy; and so he took one out and tasted it, and it was so good that he ate another and another.

Until, all of a sudden, before he half knew what he had done, the door flew open, and there stood his father and mother. And on the floor lay the little tot of a human being, crying as if his heart would break, for the stocking hung flat and empty, and Max had begun to realize that all of his self-sacrifice had been in vain; that he was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless little boy, and that his sister, Dot, would have nothing but disappointed tears for him in the morning.—St. Nicholas.

Christmas Day Was Unknown.

Christmas Day was unknown to Clement of Alexandria, and only adopted at Antioch from Rome in 376 A. D., according to Chrysostom. The Roman festival coincided with the old dies natalis Invicti Solis.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2, or Candlemas Day.

night-lamp, and contemplated his work. The stocking really did look very beautiful. The orange and the apple made big lumps at the toe, and one end of the banana peeped out at the top of the stocking, very inviting and nice.

"HE SAT DOWN NEAR THE NIGHT-LAMP, AND CONTEMPLATED HIS WORK."

Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.

Then it occurred to him that Dot wouldn't mind a bit if he took half of it. He could tell her all about it in the morning. She always gave him half of everything she had, and besides, hadn't he bought all those things for her? and even if he ate the whole banana there would be plenty of fruit left for her. So he ate the whole of it, and then, half ashamed of himself, he hid the skin under the chair and took another look at his sister to make sure that she had not seen him.

And still the stocking looked so full and good and tempting that Max thought if he could only have one candy, or one of the kisses, he would be supremely happy; and so he took one out and tasted it, and it was so good that he ate another and another.

Until, all of a sudden, before he half knew what he had done, the door flew open, and there stood his father and mother. And on the floor lay the little tot of a human being, crying as if his heart would break, for the stocking hung flat and empty, and Max had begun to realize that all of his self-sacrifice had been in vain; that he was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless little boy, and that his sister, Dot, would have nothing but disappointed tears for him in the morning.—St. Nicholas.

Christmas Day Was Unknown.

Christmas Day was unknown to Clement of Alexandria, and only adopted at Antioch from Rome in 376 A. D., according to Chrysostom. The Roman festival coincided with the old dies natalis Invicti Solis.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2, or Candlemas Day.

night-lamp, and contemplated his work. The stocking really did look very beautiful. The orange and the apple made big lumps at the toe, and one end of the banana peeped out at the top of the stocking, very inviting and nice.

"HE SAT DOWN NEAR THE NIGHT-LAMP, AND CONTEMPLATED HIS WORK."

Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.

Then it occurred to him that Dot wouldn't mind a bit if he took half of it. He could tell her all about it in the morning. She always gave him half of everything she had, and besides, hadn't he bought all those things for her? and even if he ate the whole banana there would be plenty of fruit left for her. So he ate the whole of it, and then, half ashamed of himself, he hid the skin under the chair and took another look at his sister to make sure that she had not seen him.

And still the stocking looked so full and good and tempting that Max thought if he could only have one candy, or one of the kisses, he would be supremely happy; and so he took one out and tasted it, and it was so good that he ate another and another.

Until, all of a sudden, before he half knew what he had done, the door flew open, and there stood his father and mother. And on the floor lay the little tot of a human being, crying as if his heart would break, for the stocking hung flat and empty, and Max had begun to realize that all of his self-sacrifice had been in vain; that he was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless little boy, and that his sister, Dot, would have nothing but disappointed tears for him in the morning.—St. Nicholas.

Christmas Day Was Unknown.

Christmas Day was unknown to Clement of Alexandria, and only adopted at Antioch from Rome in 376 A. D., according to Chrysostom. The Roman festival coincided with the old dies natalis Invicti Solis.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2, or Candlemas Day.

night-lamp, and contemplated his work. The stocking really did look very beautiful. The orange and the apple made big lumps at the toe, and one end of the banana peeped out at the top of the stocking, very inviting and nice.

"HE SAT DOWN NEAR THE NIGHT-LAMP, AND CONTEMPLATED HIS WORK."

Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. New and Inexpensive Hints for Parties in the Holiday Season.

Christmas would hardly seem like Christmas without an abundance of evergreens, the wax-like mistletoe, the glossy holly with its bright red berries and ribbons to match these berries everywhere. Parties and reunions come with the holiday vacations.

An ingenious hostess delighted not only the little folks, but their elders as well, with a unique and beautiful ice mountain for the table at a children's party. To make this mountain, place in the center of the table a quart preserve jar. Around this jar arrange at equal distances four pint jars, and still outside of this have six inverted tumblers. Upon the top of each jar and tumbler place a tiny glass dish to hold a small, night lamp or candle, such as is used in illuminated flowers for dinner decorations. Have at hand a supply of large lumps of plain washing soda. Begin outside the tumblers and fill each part up with uneven pieces of soda until every part is covered except the small lights. Sprinkle the whole freely with frost powder and when the eleven little wicks are lighted the effect is all that could be desired. In the original scheme smaller pieces of soda were scattered around below the mountain, where two tiny Eskimos with shovels were making a path for a miniature sleigh drawn by four curly dogs. The bonbon boxes were in the form of sleighs.

An unusual and very pretty decoration is made with a split log of wood about the size of one used in a modern fireplace. Lay the wood upon a bed made of mosses and evergreens. With the aid of long tacks or brads fasten red candles to the log, placing them irregularly. Lay pieces of ground pine in and out over the log and candles, letting it trail about on the damask cloth with holly sprays here and there. Place little patches of white wadding over the green and then sprinkle thickly with frost powder.

A bell composed of holly and mistletoe or a bell formed of red ribbonties, and suspended by red ribbons from the chandelier just high enough to escape the candle light, is a great addition to a room.

Christmas Curiosities.

The celebration of Christmas as a special festival is said to have begun in the first century, and during the 'As of the Apostle John, one tradition of the church accredits him with inaugurating the custom.

In France it is a common practice to celebrate Christmas by giving an extra ration to all domestic animals, on the theory that all creatures should rejoice at this season.

Among the English common people, Christmas is lucky when it falls on Sunday, and unlucky when Saturday is the day of the nativity.

In Spain it is believed by the common people that the ants hold religious service on Christmas Day.

In old England plum porridge was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner.

The Eastern church formerly observed Christmas on January 6.

Bringing in the Boar's Head.

**S**ECURE among the few Christmas viands of "Merry England," which seem never to have fallen under the special ban of puritanic proscription, were the "baron of beef" consisting of two sirloins (a baron being, as an old writer tells us, "twice the dignity of a knight"), and that lordly dish, precious in the eyes and fragrant in the nostrils of our fathers—the boar's head.

That worthy old chronicler, Dugdale, describing ancient Christmas customs, says:

"Service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast with brawn, mustard and Malmsey. At dinner, at the first course, is served a fair and large boar's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." A later writer tells us that "Among the earliest books published in England was a collection of carols prepared to be sung as an accompaniment to the grand entree of the boar's head."

Superstitions About Holly.

Many are the legends and superstitions connected with the holly. Old authors write of the tree as the bulwer and the holm, while in our old ballads it is nearly always the hollin-tree.

The holly used for decorations, both in church and house, should be taken down on Candlemas Eve, or misfortune will come on parish or people.

In taking down holly in some parts of England it is thought unlucky to prick the finger if blood comes, but if a leaf stick to dress or coat it is a good omen.

In old days a branch of holly picked on Christmas Eve was as efficacious as the rowan, or mountain-ash, in protecting from witches and warlocks of evil spells.

Getting Absent-Minded.

**S**ANTA CLAUS—"Heavens! Here I've been ready for ten minutes and can't find my mittens!"

Marion Grey was the child of wealthy parents, having been brought up in luxury and given a good education. Her mother died when she was 12 years of age, leaving her father to rear his motherless child as best he could.

His business did not prosper after his wife's death, and through the dishonesty of his partner he became almost reduced to bankruptcy. He went to work with the men that he had formerly employed, working night and day, straining his eyes to their utmost, and finally causing total blindness. At this he sold his property and Marion was obliged to go to work.

She engaged a small tenement and searched daily for work, but to no avail. On returning home one day, tired and disheartened, her father said to her: "Marion, Mrs. Young called here today, and is going abroad with her husband, and would like to find a trustworthy person to take the care of her little boy, Harold. She heard of our circumstances, and thought that you might take this position as governess, and yet be near your old father. What do you think about it, my dear?"

"Well, father," said Marion in a cheerful tone, for she never allowed her father to see her downhearted, "do you think that you could stand the annoyance of this child, for he is but five years of age and has been indulged greatly?"

"My daughter," said her father, "it does seem as if this is a plan by which you can meet the expenses and yet be near me during the day."

Nothing more was said, and the following day Marion called on Mrs. Young and everything was settled satisfactorily. She brought Harold home with her, for he had been attracted to Marion at once, and Mr. and Mrs. Young were to sail the following day. The Youngs were people of wealth and attended the same church as Marion had done from childhood, and they felt well pleased at being able to find such a trustworthy person with whom to leave Harold.

Marion was in the habit of taking Harold for a stroll during the latter part of the day, and it was during one of these strolls that Harold exclaimed: "Why, Auntie, we meet that gentleman every day."

The gentleman, hearing the remark, turned and said: "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir," said Marion.

"Pardon me, but the child called you 'Auntie.' May I ask if he is your nephew?" said the gentleman.

"O, no, sir! I am Miss Grey, and have charge of him for a few months while his parents are abroad," said Marion.

"I am fond of children, and I should judge that this lad is about the same

# REGINALD'S BRIDE.

Marion Grey was the child of wealthy parents, having been brought up in luxury and given a good education. Her mother died when she was 12 years of age, leaving her father to rear his motherless child as best he could.

His business did not prosper after his wife's death, and through the dishonesty of his partner he became almost reduced to bankruptcy. He went to work with the men that he had formerly employed, working night and day, straining his eyes to their utmost, and finally causing total blindness. At this he sold his property and Marion was obliged to go to work.

She engaged a small tenement and searched daily for work, but to no avail. On returning home one day, tired and disheartened, her father said to her: "Marion, Mrs. Young called here today, and is going abroad with her husband, and would like to find a trustworthy person to take the care of her little boy, Harold. She heard of our circumstances, and thought that you might take this position as governess, and yet be near your old father. What do you think about it, my dear?"

"Well, father," said Marion in a cheerful tone, for she never allowed her father to see her downhearted, "do you think that you could stand the annoyance of this child, for he is but five years of age and has been indulged greatly?"

"My daughter," said her father, "it does seem as if this is a plan by which you can meet the expenses and yet be near me during the day."

Nothing more was said, and the following day Marion called on Mrs. Young and everything was settled satisfactorily. She brought Harold home with her, for he had been attracted to Marion at once, and Mr. and Mrs. Young were to sail the following day. The Youngs were people of wealth and attended the same church as Marion had done from childhood, and they felt well pleased at being able to find such a trustworthy person with whom to leave Harold.

Marion was in the habit of taking Harold for a stroll during the latter part of the day, and it was during one of these strolls that Harold exclaimed: "Why, Auntie, we meet that gentleman every day."

The gentleman, hearing the remark, turned and said: "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir," said Marion.

"Pardon me, but the child called you 'Auntie.' May I ask if he is your nephew?" said the gentleman.

"O, no, sir! I am Miss Grey, and have charge of him for a few months while his parents are abroad," said Marion.

"I am fond of children, and I should judge that this lad is about the same

age as my young brother, whom I have not seen since a babe." After saying a few words to Harold, he wished them good afternoon and passed on.

Marion called Harold and walked leisurely home, little knowing what an impression she had made on this new acquaintance. Upon entering the house, Harold exclaimed: "O, grandpa, we met a real nice gentleman, and he talked with auntie!"

Mr. Grey made no reply, but during the evening asked Marion who the gentleman was. Marion replied that it was one that they had met frequently in their strolls, and Harold had opened the conversation by his childish remarks. "His name is Mr. Reginald Stacey, and he lives next door," she said.

"Stacey!" repeated Mr. Grey. "That sounds familiar. I once had dealings with one by that name, but he has passed away."

As time passed the meetings between Marion and her friend became more frequent and what was at first a mere acquaintance soon ripened into a deep affection, until one day Reginald said: "Marion, I am going away to complete my education, but there is something I wish to tell you before going."

"Marion, I have loved you from the first sight, my dear," said Reginald.

## WENNA POLWENNA.

Wenna Polwenna, the elder, kept a fruitshop in a Cornish fishing village—a small and crowded shop, with a meeting-house on one side of it and a great glaring gin palace on the other; and Wenna did a good business with miners and fishermen, and they said her stocking was full. But no man had been bold enough to ask her to marry again, for common repute held Wenna for a witch, and no white witch at that.

'Twas said in Westoe that strange things were bought and sold in her small, breathless shop, where the air smelt always of apples, and paid for in strange ways; sometimes into the wrinkled hand or dirty apron of old Wenna, sometimes into the pretty brown palm of young Wenna, her daughter.

Young Wenna was very fair to see; she was a brown girl with leaf-brown hair, and black eyebrows often knitted over her large light-gray eyes; for young Wenna had her mother's own temper, and that Westoe people said "was the 'Old One's';" but still young Wenna was very fair to see, and her lips were as ripe and soft as a cherry that has seen the sun.

I, coming to Westoe to paint its ruined castle, heard of young Wenna's beauty and deviltry and old Wenna's devilry and ugliness, and went down one summer evening to the little shop to buy some fruit and to see with my own eyes. Old Wenna was nowhere to be seen, but young Wenna was serving behind the counter, and her pretty hands were stained with the juice of the red currants she was selling.

"Curran's, apples, strawberries?" She held up a handful each of the first and last, and looked at me with laughter in her gray eyes.

"White currants," I said. Wenna shook her head as she weighed out a pound of black cherries for a boy.



"YOU HAVEN'T ANY MORE BERRIES?" I ASKED.

"Wenna, she sells nothin' that's white," piped the boy at me. "Not even white cherries—no, my dear saul, she don't." Wenna threw an overripe cherry at him, and it broke upon his cheek, leaving a purple stain there. And her eyes blazed as if she would have liked the fruit to be a stone. The boy made off, laughing.

"Not even white witchens," he shouted from the door, and scampered off, chuckling.

"Mun's a fool," said a girl standing at the counter, eating cherries, "but sence the word's spoke, Wenna, dear life, wilt let me have the powder?" "Tes none too late to try it."

"Thout't a fool, too, Alice," said the fruit seller, busying herself in a deep drawer behind the counter that seemed to be full to overflowing with packets of seeds, small packets and large, and some almost infinitesimal.

One of these very small packages she drew out and tossed across the counter to the girl Alice, receiving nothing in payment that I could see. Then, as the girl snatched it up and put it into her bosom, Wenna laughed and asked: "Is it for Nat or Willy, for you named no names, Alice?"

"I'm namen' none now," the girl Alice cried angrily, throwing down a shilling, and she ran out of the shop muttering to herself as she went. Wenna Polwenna turned again to me.

"White curran's I haven't got, but there's red enough an' to spare. Wilt have red ones?"

I nodded. "Red currants will do—and a pound of black as well."

A man at the end of the little shop laughed out suddenly.

"Wenna'll serve you w' those fast enough," he said. "Them's the Old One's colors, they du say. Is ta true, Wenna Polwenna?"

Wenna laughed.

"Maybe, you should be askin' mammy that, Lell Trewavas," she said. "An' what are you wantin' tonight?"

"You know well enough," he said,

coming forward from the dusk into the night, a tall and comely lad in a fisherman's jersey, stained with hard weather and much mended.

"How do I know? You don't know yourself, Lell," she retorted. There was passion in the two young faces looking at one another, and I saw both had forgotten me, and drew back a step.

"I want"—the boy's blue eyes looked deep into the girl's gray eyes, and he put his hand out and softly touched Wenna's bosom, curving exquisitely under her torn red bodice. I want this—or these," and his fingers dropped to a bunch of dull blue berries that were stuck in her belt.

"I can't—I daren't," Wenna said. "You must give me one or the other."

"Lell, they call me the Old One's wean."

"I don't care."

"I do care!" Wenna's eyes flashed brilliantly into his—"an' you'll get the berries."

Both hands trembled a little—the fruit-stained hand which gave and the sunburnt and rope-blistered hand which took.

"I'll buy them, then," he said. "I'll not have them as a gift, Wenna," and he threw a string of fish on the counter. "They're fresh caught tonight."

"Mammy'll cook them for supper, Lell. Good-night," Wenna said, with drooping eyelids.

"Good-night, child wean."

Then she turned to me, with a somewhat dazed look in her beautiful eyes. "Red curran's, yes, an' black. An' are you for gooseberries, sir, or will you be for some flowers? Poppies, now—or gypsy roses?"

"You haven't any more berries?" I asked. And she changed color suddenly and dreadfully.

"No! I have poppies for my fancy lads, but dwale berries for only one man," she said, looking at me with eyes that narrowed like a snake's.

## THE DAY OF LOUD NECKTIES

A Prevailing Fashion That Will Probably Be Short-Lived.

People who look into the dressed windows of the men's furnishing goods establishments see an exhibition of colors which puts the dry goods establishments to shame, and shows that high and flashy colors are not woman's prerogative, says the New York Tribune.

"The loud necktie came to us from Paris originally," said a leading haberdasher, "and we have been told that it came into fashion because of the bicycle. The Frenchman began to wear broad, streaming neckties with their outing shirts, and occasionally a man would wear a bicycle tie when he was not in wheeling costume, especially when no waistcoat was worn. The demand grew, and gradually the patterns became louder and gayer, and last season young men who were courageous as to dress began to wear the ties with morning and afternoon dress. Then England took up the fashion, and turned out four-in-hands and ascots of the 'greenery gallery' class, and the style was established. As a matter of course, the United States followed, and you see the result in the kaleidoscopic window displays." Great plaids of bright colors, stripes of the Turkish kind, and mottled stuffs that look as though they had been made for Persian gowns, have been used extensively for the new ties, and, not satisfied with original patterns, makers have turned out ties additionally conspicuous, with embroideries. Anchors, fleurs de lis, monograms, flowers, golf, racing and yachting designs have been worked into black and fancy scarfs, and manufacturers found that no matter if their goods were so loud that they disturbed the peace there was always a market for them. "But no fashion lasts when it is copied by the cheap trade," said the dealer in men's wear, "and the French scarf soon found its way into the Bowery and east side stores, where high colors are always in demand. The \$2 scarf was imitated and produced at 50 cents, and the yachtsman found his office boy wearing an anchor-bedecked scarf which to all appearances came out of the same box as the one he was wearing. That settled the matter, and, although the showy ties and scarfs are still on sale, it is safe to say that they will not be with us long. Black and white ties and scarfs, or a mixture of these colors for younger men, will never be superseded in this country by the brilliant things that now add to the display of colors in the shopping district."

## WOOD'S HOLE.

Is the Plebeian Name of a Postoffice in Massachusetts.

Washington Special to New York Times: There is a warning to Speonk, or Remsenburg, in the fate which has befallen Wood's Hole, Barnstable county, Mass. Wood's Hole bore a humble and homely name, and smarted under it. Some time ago its name was changed to Woods Holl, which had a sylvan and romantic flavor, and suggested moonlit glades and flowery dells. But the change from democratic Wood's Hole to aristocratic Woods Holl brought upon the community the scorn of the cynical, the obligations of the people who could not remember how to spell "Holl," and other troubles too numerous to mention. The postoffice officials had their troubles, too, in the shape of misaddressed and blotted envelopes. After a troublous and tempestuous existence Woods Holl gave up the struggle and passed away, and the postoffice department has notified its employees that plain, democratic old Wood's Hole has come into being, and that letters addressed to "Woods Holl" are to go there. The community has given up its striving for the romantic and sublime and is peaceful and content.

## HOW VICTORIA WORKS.

Although Queen Victoria makes a point of spending part of each day with members of her family staying at Balmoral, she never neglects her work. Every day queen's messengers are sent to Scotland from the home office and the foreign office with important dispatches. By the time her majesty has breakfasted, a huge pile of official papers and letters has been arranged for her inspection, and before lunch all those which have to be returned to London, annotated and signed by the queen, have been considered and dealt with.

Her majesty was always an excellent woman of business, and in spite of her 80 years her maxims still appears to be "Business first, pleasure afterward." At Balmoral, as elsewhere, her majesty spends a good deal of time in her donkey carriage, a low, basketwork phaeton, with a broad and comfortable seat, having a hood which can be raised or lowered. A groom always walks by the donkey's head, though the queen holds the reins loosely in one hand.

Behind walk two gillies, who carry shawls, and whose duty it is to look out for any obstacle in the way. When in her donkey chaise her majesty is always accompanied by one of her daughters or granddaughters. The queen specially enjoys her drives at Balmoral and the castle grounds, which are bounded on one side by the river, are remarkably beautiful. The magnificent conservatories are full of flowers, but there is practically no kitchen garden, and daily supplies of fruit and vegetables are received each morning from Windsor.

The evening of life comes bearing its own lamp.

## SLEEP IMPERATIVE.

LET NO MAN RESIST ITS INFLUENCE.

Falling Asleep Amid the Roar and Carnage of Battle—People Can Slumber While They Walk—As a Source of Torture.

One of the most remarkable facts to be found in the history of sleep consists in the utter inability to resist its onset in cases of extreme fatigue, says a writer in Harper's. Several remarkable instances are given in which persons have continued to walk onward while sleep has overcome them, the automatic centers of the brain evidently controlling and stimulating the muscles when consciousness itself had been completely abrogated. It is recorded that at the battle of the Nile, amid the roar of cannon and the fall of wreckage, some of the over-fatigued boys serving the guns with powder fell asleep on the deck. Dr. Carpenter gives another instance of allied kind. In the course of the Burmese war the captain of a frigate actually engaged in combat fell asleep from sheer exhaustion and slept soundly for two hours, within a yard of one of the biggest guns, which was being actively worked during his slumbers. It is a matter of common medical knowledge that extreme exhaustion in face of the severest pain will induce sleep. Here the imperative demand of the body—a demand implanted, as we have seen, in the constitution of our frames—asserts its influence; and even pain, the ordinary conqueror of repose, has in its turn to succumb. One of the most extraordinary cases in which the overruling power of sleep was ever exemplified was that of Damiens, condemned for treason in Paris in 1757. He was barbarously tortured, but remarked that the deprivation of sleep had been the greatest punishment of all. It was reported that he slept soundly even in the short intervals which elapsed between the periods of torture. Among the Chinese a form of punishment for crimes consists in keeping the prisoner continuously awake, or of arousing him incessantly after short intervals of repose. After the eighth day of such sleeplessness one prisoner besought his captors to put him to death by any means they could choose to invent, so great was his pain and torment due to the absence of "nature's soft nurse." Persons engaged in mechanical labor, such as attending a machine in a factory, have often fallen asleep, despite the plain record of pains and penalties attending such a dereliction of duty, to say nothing of the sense of personal danger which was painfully kept before their eyes.

## CARLIST HEIR TO THE THRONE

Don Jayme, the only son of the duke of Madrid, and, therefore, the Carlist heir to the Spanish throne, has an exceedingly practical mind, and by no means considers trade beneath his dignity. For some years Don Jayme has held a commission in the Russian army, but finding \$4,000 a year, which was all his exceedingly thrifty father allowed him, an impossible sum on which to keep up his position as a royal prince in the Russian service, he has determined to become a business man.

Together with a friend of his, a young Polish prince, he is forming a company for providing steamers to trade with the Russian ports in the Black sea. The idea is an excellent one, for it will supply a long-felt want, and if only Don Jayme has good luck he may make a very handsome fortune out of his venture.

The duke of Madrid is said to be exceedingly angry at his son's project, but it is really his own parsimony which has brought him this annoyance. Had he chosen to do so, he might have made his son an adequate allowance out of the very handsome fortune brought to him by his first wife, the mother of Don Jayme.

## Some Deep Wells.

The Forest Oil company says it owns the deepest oil well in the world, in the Monongahela river valley. It has been drilled to a depth of 5,532 feet, but work has been suspended owing to a break in the two and seven-eighths inch rope used. As a result, 1,000 feet of rope and a string of tools are at the bottom. Experts are at work on the fishing job, and hope to be able to resume drilling soon. It is proposed to sink the well to the 6,000-foot mark, which will be in the carboniferous limestone, where oil may be found. Some of the deep wells are as follows: Pass, France, 2,000 feet; Paris, 1,793 feet; Neusalwerk, 2,288; Kissingen, 1,878; Spereberg, near Berlin, 4,190; St. Louis, Mo., 3,843; Louisville, Ky., 2,086; Columbus, Ohio, 3,775½; Charleston, S. C., 1,250.

## Lights Kill the Birds.

Scarcely a morning passes but quite a number of birds, large and small, are picked up in the courtyard of the city hall in more or less injured condition. Some dying, some dead. They are birds usually found some distance away in the country. Linnets, finches, yellow birds, even occasionally blackbirds, robins and larks. It is supposed that they are attracted by the brilliant electric lights around the base of the Penn statue. It is a well-known fact that at the foot of the statue of liberty in New York harbor hundreds of birds are picked up every year. They have flown with such force against the metal figure while blinded by the intense light as to kill themselves.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## CHINESE AMBITION

To Save Money Enough to Set Up an Establishment in China.

Leslie's Weekly: A somewhat superfluous law of this country shuts out John Chinaman from citizenship. That is no grief to John. He doesn't yearn for the enlightenment of western civilization typified by foreign devils who attempt to restrict his use of opium, and even go so far as to deny him the right of gambling. What he wants to do is to live here on 20 cents a day while making \$2 a day, and, as soon as he gets enough surplus, go back to his ancestral halls, where he can support a family in great comfort on something like 12 cents a day. The copyright on this article doesn't prohibit persons with a taste for mathematics from using these figures as a basis for calculating how long it will be before, under present conditions, America has a permanent Chinese population. Of course John sometimes marries here and settles down. His wife may be a Chinese woman to whom he was betrothed years before, when she was a baby, and who comes over here in the steerage and under chaperonage to fulfill the obligation entered into by her parents, and to find herself the center of very considerable celebrations extending through the three streets of the quarter. In the last wedding of this sort the bride was 21 and the bridegroom 54. The betrothal had lasted since her second year. More often the bride is one of the debauched girl victims of the quarter, and the wedding ceremony is after the American custom, for which the Chinaman has small regard. It matters less in that the wife commonly dies in a year or two, rarely leaving any offspring. Opium does it. To the Mongolian it is one of the blessings of life. To the Caucasian it is mental, moral and physical decay; then insanity; then death. There is a third class of marriages not pleasant to contemplate; the union of Chinamen to young Sunday school teachers. There was a time, and not long ago, when association of this kind resulted in several weddings. Many more might have followed had not several outspoken and courageous clergymen delivered warnings from the pulpit of the folly and danger of such alliances; whereupon they were, as a matter of course, denounced in round terms from many other pulpits as enemies to the propagation of the Christian faith.

## QUEER NAMES.

An odd name seems to be a good advertisement for a newspaper in the far west and probably that is why the Sedalia Bazaar, the Texas Jimplecute and the Tombstone Epitaph of other days have plenty of imitators or successors.

Kansas and Oklahoma are particularly prolific in newspaper titles of this type. The Shawnee Daily Dinner Bell no doubt expected its name to have a welcome sound to the people of the region, but the founders of the Kingfisher Kicker, of the Thomas County Cat, or of the Western Cyclone could not so expect.

The Pottawatomie County Plain People has a good sound and so has the Hill City Lively Times. The Kansas Cowboy, the Comanche Chief and the Kiowa Chief are picturesque, while singularity is the strong recommendation of the Ensign Razzoo, the Jayhawkeye and the Palladium, the Prairie Dog, the Prairie Owl, the Whimwham, the Open Eye, the Fanatic and the Grigsby City Scorchér.

Perhaps the best name of the lot is that of Oklahoma Sunbeam. If it lives up to its name it ought to be genuinely popular, except, perhaps, in midsummer.

## Municipal Novelty.

There is a decidedly humorous side which occasionally comes to light in connection with the undertakings of municipal corporations, but the action of the enterprising city fathers of a small Hungarian town is certainly unique. The mayor and whole town council, consisting of eight members, formed themselves into a band of forgers, and carried on a thriving business in the town hall, manufacturing paper notes current in Austria, which they circulated pretty extensively. A workshop, well fitted with the necessary implements, was fixed up in a cellar of the town hall, and they actually set policemen to guard the door while they were at work. This remarkable state of affairs existed for over a couple of years, when the business was detected, the mayor and councillors fighting like professional brigands on being arrested.

## Didn't Know Kipling.

Mr. Howells has lately spoken of Rudyard Kipling as the most famous man in the world today. It would, indeed, be difficult to suggest a man whose name is more widely known. The following story is a curious commentary on the value of fame: During Kipling's illness, Henry James, the American author, was one night driving home in a cab from his club in London. The news had just come that the crisis was past and the great writer was on the road to recovery. As he stepped out on the sidewalk, Mr. James handed the paper he had bought to the cabman. "Kipling's all right," he said. The cabman took the paper and leaned down with a puzzled look on his face. "I don't seem to know the name o' the 'oss!'" he said.—St. Louis Republic.

If we could have a little patience, we should escape much mortification. Time takes away as much as it gives.—Mme. de Sevigne.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Time and Attraction—Safe and Sure—Misunderstood—The Reason Why—Genuine Thrift—Stated in a Nutshell—Against Reason, Etc., Etc.

At 8 p. m. the gas-light's gleam Reveals young Cholly Smart, He's calling on his lady fair— They sit this far apart.

At 10 o'clock the question's popped, Their souls are filed with bliss, If we could peep, we'd see that they Are sitting close—like this.

—Baltimore American.

Safe and Sure.

Edith—"What's a good way to keep an objectionable suitor from proposing?"

Ethel—"Just hint that you would accept him if he did."—Judge.

Misunderstood.

Her Mother—"Don't you find Jack Wheeler rather rough, Priscilla?" Priscilla—"Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day."—Harlem Life.

The Reason Why.

Teacher—"Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?'"

Patsy—"Yes'm."

Teacher—"Why?"

Patsy—"Cause you can't."—Tit-B's.

Genuine Thrift.

The Pedestrian—"You keep a horse? Why, I had no idea you were so thrifty."

"Oh, yes. I deposit regularly in the savings bank all the money I borrow from my friends."—Life.

Stated in a Nutshell.

"What cold glances Wiggins gives you, Billy."

"Yes; he owes me \$5, and I owe him \$4; he's mad because I don't pay him."—Indianapolis Journal.

Against Reason.

"Rational dress is all right; but I detest irrational dress."

"What is irrational dress?"

"Short skirts worn by women with ugly feet."—Chicago News.

Something Awful.



The Girls—"Wot yer all dressed up fer, Willie—some of yer folks dead?"

Willie—"Worse 'an dat."

The Girls—"Goin' ter be took to de dentist's?"

Willie—"Worse 'an dat."

The Girls—"Gee, Willie! wot's goin' ter be did to yer?"

Willie—"I'm goin' ter have my picture took."—Judge.

A Change of Occupation.

"Chubby's gone into the laundry bizness since he quit burglarin'."

"Laundry bizness?"

"Yep. Washin' cancelled rev'nue stamps for future use."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Awkward Sign For Henry.

"I'm always worried when Henry begins saving string."

"Why?"

"It makes me think he has been doing something awfully extravagant downtown."

Schedule Time.

Hungry Traveler (at railway dining station)—"How soon will the train start, conductor?"

Conductor—"I'll start on time today. I ain't got much appetite."—New York Weekly.

The Hardest Part First.

Clarissa—"Studying French, are you? Do you know the rules of the grammar yet?"

Maria—"No, not yet. I thought it would be better to start on the exceptions."—Brooklyn Life.

Sweet Innocence.

Gussie (who has left his fiancée for a moment, fallen overboard and been dramatically rescued)—"Did—you—aw—faint when you heard them yell 'man overboard!'"

Helen (sobbing)—"N-no, Gussie; I never once suspected they could mean you."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

No Doubt of It.

"Is he what you would call a cultured person?"

"Cultured! Well, I should say so. He knows twice as much about the history of ancient Greece as he does about the history of the United States. And he can do a problem in trigonometry in one-third the time it would take him to calculate the interest on a ninety-day note. Cultured! Well, I guess!"—Washington Star.

Another Invention Needed.

As she paused for breath he reached for his hat and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going to telegraph to Maroon," he replied, "and tell him that after he has perfected his wireless telegraphy there is another field of much the same nature for him to invade."

"What is it?" she demanded.

"I want him to devote his intellect to the invention of a voiceless curtain lecture."—Chicago Post.

**Belmont Crystal Spring Water**  
**BELMONT, MASS.**  
**D. L. TAPPAN, Prop.** 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.  
C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block,  
VERXA & VERXA, Post-office block  
Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.  
Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's  
Drug Store, 100 D. Block, will receive immediate attention.

**J. W. HARRINGTON,**  
SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.  
Business established about 1856.

**Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.**  
All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining  
or tinting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the  
largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of  
glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given  
to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

**WOOD BROS. EXPRESS**  
Will move you out or move you in, just  
which way you happen to be going,  
and guarantee you just as good a job as  
if you were always moving.  
Piano and Furniture Moving.  
We also have an express that runs too  
and from Boston daily, that will call for  
your parcels and deliver them promptly.  
Boston Office—30 Court St., 48 Chatham St.,  
order box, Faneuil Hall sq.  
Arlington Office—Cushing's Store at Heights,  
Town Hall, corner Henderson St.  
Residence at 677 Mass. avenue.

**J. E. LANGEN,**  
FORMERLY WITH J. W. RONCO.  
**HAIRDRESSER,**  
Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.  
Children's hair cutting a special-  
ity.  
nov 53m

**M. E. CALLAHAN**  
Parlors of  
**BILLIARDS AND POOL,**  
Fowle Bld'g, Mass. Ave.  
I have opened a first-class billiard and pool  
room, and will run the same in a strictly up-to-  
date manner. Sandwiches of all kinds will be  
served, also a full line of tobacco and cigars.  
I respectfully solicit your patronage. sep30m

**Fish!** All Kinds  
I shall keep all kinds of  
Fresh and Salt Fish al-  
ways on hand at prices  
very moderate. Your  
orders will receive our  
prompt attention and de-  
livered. Also clams,  
oysters and lobsters.

**J. FRED McLEOD,**  
PARK AVENUE.  
114m30

**RHEUMATISM,**  
**SCIATICA,**  
**LUMBAGO,**  
**INSOMNIA,**  
Stiffness in Joints, Contracted Muscles,  
Nervous Diseases, General Debility,  
Insomnia, Headaches and Neuralgia  
successfully treated with Massage.  
Medical Electricity and Electric Baths.  
At 49 A TROWBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGE.  
A. F. Christian, Masseuseur.  
Persons treated at their residence when  
desired.  
PRICES REASONABLE. nov21

**E. G. WILFORD**  
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS  
**DEPOT CARRIAGE**  
EIGHT RIDES ONE DOLLAR  
**L. C. TYLER,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
Agent for the celebrated Queen Quality  
Shoes for ladies and the Crawford shoe for  
men, the Misses' and children's 8-hole shoe not  
forgetting. Gent's furnishing goods, gloves,  
mittens, trunks and bags. 624 MASS AV

**KNOWLES & MARDEN,**  
**PLUMBERS.**  
Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,  
Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings  
**483 MASS. AVENUE.**

**Subscribe**  
for the  
**Enterprise.**  
**\$1 a year.**

**ALEXANDER BEATON,**  
and  
**Builder,**  
79 Hibbert street,  
Arlington Heights.

**ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.**  
Mrs. Josie Lewis of Westminster  
avenue is quite ill with tonsillitis.  
Mrs. Murray Tooker of Cambridge  
has been the guest of Mrs. Brandenburg  
the past week.  
Mr. Lombard and party returned on  
Sunday from their Maine hunt with  
their two deer each.  
Henry Loring of the Boston Herald  
was calling on friends here at the  
heights on Thursday.  
Services of the Baptist church held at  
Crescent hall: Sunday school 2.15,  
teaching 3, evening service 7.30.  
Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, formerly of  
this place but now of Boston, are about  
to move to their old home in Maine.  
Capt. A. McKinnon of the SS. Prince  
Arthur of the D. and A. line was the  
guest on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. A. A.  
len.  
The weekly meeting of the Baptist  
church was held at Mr. Fraser's, Lowell  
place. Mr. Tingler's leader. Subject:  
"The burden of sin."  
Mr. and Mrs. Payne, who were called  
last week to the sick bed of their  
son, George Hosea, returned on Tues-  
day deeply mourning the death of the  
son.  
There was an unusually large attend-  
ance of the ladies from the Heights at  
the annual meeting of the W. R. Corp-  
for election of officers last Thursday  
afternoon.  
The boys and girls were skating in  
the pond on the reservoir. Better wait a  
little until the ice is thicker, and then  
take another day aside from Sunday for  
your skating.  
All will be welcome to the regular  
Christian Endeavor service to be held  
in Park Avenue Congregational church  
Sunday evening next at 6.30. The ser-  
vice will be led by Mr. Minot Bridg-  
ham, topic "Teach us to pray." Luke  
11:1-13.  
Mr. McDonald has his house on the  
Swadkin's lot well under way. It has  
already taken perpendicular form. Mr.  
McDonald has five other lots, two on  
Westminster avenue and three on  
Lowell street, on which he is soon to  
build.  
The last finishing strokes are being  
put on the new Baptist church edifice.  
The church building will be dedicated  
on Wednesday afternoon and evening,  
Dec. 26, on which occasion the fore-  
most ability of the Baptist denomina-  
tion in and about Boston will be present  
to take part in the exercises. A full  
programme of the dedicatory exercises  
will be published in next week's Enter-  
prise.  
There will be a bazaar and entertain-  
ment, the proceeds to be devoted to the  
furnishing of the Baptist church, Dec.  
20, at Mrs. Anderson's on Westmore-  
land avenue. There will be sold arti-  
cles of great variety, both useful and  
decorative—a nice place to purchase  
Christmas presents. Talent from the  
Boston Conservatory of Music, Prof.  
George Marsh and Prof. W. W. Adams  
and assistants will be present, and  
others including readers, etc. The sale  
will begin at 3.30 p. m., entertainment  
at 7.30. Tea, chocolate and coffee with  
cake will be served afternoon and even-  
ing. The public are cordially invited  
to be present.  
The vestry of Park Avenue Congrega-  
tional church was well filled last Sun-  
day evening at the hour for the regular  
Christian Endeavor service. The ser-  
vice which was in charge of Miss Em-  
ma F. Bennett, was the regular mission-  
ary service which the society holds the  
second Sunday of every other month,  
and on this occasion was one of peculiar  
interest as the speaker of the evening  
was the representative of a branch of  
the Endeavor work about which com-  
paratively little is known by the C. E.  
societies in this section. Mr. William  
Eleton, who addressed the audience, is  
a native of San Francisco, Cal., but  
during the past six years has been a  
member of the crew of the Olympia,  
which took such a prominent part in  
our late war. He was president of the  
little band of floating Christian Endeav-  
ors which was organized on the Olympia  
and on Saturday evening told his audi-  
ence of the trials which they endured at  
the hands of their shipmates and also of  
the influence for good which emanated  
from that little society. He also spoke  
of the home for sailors, which has been  
instituted by the floating Christian En-  
deavors of the U. S. S. Charleston, (then  
on the Asiatic station) at Nagasaki,  
Japan. He gave a very clear picture of  
the need of just such homes in all our  
seaport towns, where Jack may be sure  
of a welcome and rest and recreation  
without going to the saloon, where he  
knows he will be welcomed for what can  
be got out of him. He spoke of the  
noble work of Miss A. P. Jones of Fal-  
mouth, Mass., who has done so much  
for our sailor boys, and who is known  
by name, at least, by sailors on every  
kind of a vessel the wide world around  
for her Christian sympathy for the trials  
and burdens of others. The service was  
deeply interesting throughout, and Mr.  
Eleton will long be pleasantly remem-  
bered by those who heard him. He is  
now at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Chel-  
sea, where he is convalescing from a  
severe attack of malaria, contracted  
while in service at the Philippines.

**WOOD BROS. EXPRESS**  
Will move you out or move you in, just  
which way you happen to be going,  
and guarantee you just as good a job as  
if you were always moving.  
Piano and Furniture Moving.  
We also have an express that runs too  
and from Boston daily, that will call for  
your parcels and deliver them promptly.  
Boston Office—30 Court St., 48 Chatham St.,  
order box, Faneuil Hall sq.  
Arlington Office—Cushing's Store at Heights,  
Town Hall, corner Henderson St.  
Residence at 677 Mass. avenue.

**J. E. LANGEN,**  
FORMERLY WITH J. W. RONCO.  
**HAIRDRESSER,**  
Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.  
Children's hair cutting a special-  
ity.  
nov 53m

**M. E. CALLAHAN**  
Parlors of  
**BILLIARDS AND POOL,**  
Fowle Bld'g, Mass. Ave.  
I have opened a first-class billiard and pool  
room, and will run the same in a strictly up-to-  
date manner. Sandwiches of all kinds will be  
served, also a full line of tobacco and cigars.  
I respectfully solicit your patronage. sep30m

**Fish!** All Kinds  
I shall keep all kinds of  
Fresh and Salt Fish al-  
ways on hand at prices  
very moderate. Your  
orders will receive our  
prompt attention and de-  
livered. Also clams,  
oysters and lobsters.

**J. FRED McLEOD,**  
PARK AVENUE.  
114m30

**RHEUMATISM,**  
**SCIATICA,**  
**LUMBAGO,**  
**INSOMNIA,**  
Stiffness in Joints, Contracted Muscles,  
Nervous Diseases, General Debility,  
Insomnia, Headaches and Neuralgia  
successfully treated with Massage.  
Medical Electricity and Electric Baths.  
At 49 A TROWBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGE.  
A. F. Christian, Masseuseur.  
Persons treated at their residence when  
desired.  
PRICES REASONABLE. nov21

**E. G. WILFORD**  
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS  
**DEPOT CARRIAGE**  
EIGHT RIDES ONE DOLLAR  
**L. C. TYLER,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
Agent for the celebrated Queen Quality  
Shoes for ladies and the Crawford shoe for  
men, the Misses' and children's 8-hole shoe not  
forgetting. Gent's furnishing goods, gloves,  
mittens, trunks and bags. 624 MASS AV

**KNOWLES & MARDEN,**  
**PLUMBERS.**  
Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,  
Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings  
**483 MASS. AVENUE.**

**Subscribe**  
for the  
**Enterprise.**  
**\$1 a year.**

**ALEXANDER BEATON,**  
and  
**Builder,**  
79 Hibbert street,  
Arlington Heights.

**SUCCESSFUL.**  
The fair held at the Town hall on  
Tuesday, under the auspices of the  
Women's guild of St. John's parish, was  
a striking success. Scarcely a day had  
passed since the somewhat grim and gloomy hall had  
so completely transformed. A plentiful  
supply of handsome flags contribute  
largely to this result. The work of de-  
coration was accomplished by Messrs.  
Arms, F. H. Clark, Goldsmith and I.  
Buff, assisted by the willing hands of  
their juniors, Walter Whitten, Edw.  
Doughty and Chester Thorpe.  
The tables were prettily arranged and  
adorned. The apron table was bright  
with the national colors. The fancy  
table was brilliant with red and white  
draperies, relieved by Japanese fans and  
a bellows. The Girls' Friendly society  
table was chastely dressed in yellow and  
white and bore the initials of the society.  
The children's table needed no other  
adornments than the beautiful dolls and  
gay toys which filled it. The candy table  
had a canopy of green and white, with  
a decoration of chrysanthemums. The  
supper tables, and the afternoon tea  
room on the platform, were most attrac-  
tive with their glistening silver, lamps  
and candelabra, not to mention the bub-  
bling urn and the savory steaming  
chafin-dish. Nor must the ice cream  
parlor be forgotten, nor the realistic  
well, where the descending bucket lifted  
the ascending bucket as the winch was  
turned, and gave a new interpretation of  
"grab."  
The promoters of the fair were greatly  
depressed as the storm broke over the  
town at about two o'clock, but the gor-  
geous rainbow which followed was a  
true token of hope and the harbinger of  
sunshine, not only without but within.  
The fair was largely attended and liber-  
ally patronized. The happy spirit of  
friendliness existing among the churches  
was vividly illustrated as one glanced  
over the throng of representative people  
present. At eight o'clock an excellent  
concert was given by Williams' orches-  
tra, although the artists were compelled  
to omit the solo numbers on their pro-  
gramme owing to the chatter and mirth  
of the buyers and sellers. At nine the  
room was cleared for dancing, which  
was enjoyed by a number of the young  
people.  
The ladies at the tables, as far as we  
were able to ascertain, were: Apron  
table, Mrs. MacCallum, Miss Wadman;  
fancy table, Mrs. Dr. Ring, Mrs. Wm.  
Rice, Mrs. Goldsmith; Girls' Friendly  
society table, Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Dins-  
more, Miss Irwin, Miss Yeames; chil-  
dren's table, Mrs. F. H. Clark, Mrs.  
Movers and their young assistants; the  
magic well, Miss Arms; candy table,  
Mrs. F. Allen, Miss Esther Babson, Miss  
Mabel G. Yeames, Master Jas. Allen;  
afternoon tea, Miss Luce; ice cream  
parlor, Mrs. W. H. Thorpe, Mrs. Wm.  
Litter, Miss Schouler. The supper ar-  
rangements were in charge of Mrs. Arms  
—the following ladies presiding at the  
tables: Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Elwell, Mrs.  
McLaughlin, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Wheel-  
er. Among the waitresses were Misses  
Dwelle, Trask, Emily Dinsmore, Con-  
stance Yeames.  
In the company of dancers we noticed  
Misses Turner, Helen Wyman, Perry,  
Tewksbury, Anna Smith, Caroline Wil-  
liams, Trask, Dwelle, Helen Atwood,  
and Low; Messrs. Schuetzer, Maxwell  
Brooks, Harold and Oswald Yeames,  
Harold Rice, W. D. Elwell, Frank El-  
well, Fred Wilder, Paterson, Louis Cut-  
ting, Shaw, William Rice etc.  
The supper committee, notwithstand-  
ing their liberal provision, were embar-  
rassed by the number of their patrons.  
We understand that the financial results  
of the fair were a substantial contribu-  
tion to the funds of the Women's guild.

**J. E. LANGEN,**  
FORMERLY WITH J. W. RONCO.  
**HAIRDRESSER,**  
Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.  
Children's hair cutting a special-  
ity.  
nov 53m

**M. E. CALLAHAN**  
Parlors of  
**BILLIARDS AND POOL,**  
Fowle Bld'g, Mass. Ave.  
I have opened a first-class billiard and pool  
room, and will run the same in a strictly up-to-  
date manner. Sandwiches of all kinds will be  
served, also a full line of tobacco and cigars.  
I respectfully solicit your patronage. sep30m

**Fish!** All Kinds  
I shall keep all kinds of  
Fresh and Salt Fish al-  
ways on hand at prices  
very moderate. Your  
orders will receive our  
prompt attention and de-  
livered. Also clams,  
oysters and lobsters.

**J. FRED McLEOD,**  
PARK AVENUE.  
114m30

**RHEUMATISM,**  
**SCIATICA,**  
**LUMBAGO,**  
**INSOMNIA,**  
Stiffness in Joints, Contracted Muscles,  
Nervous Diseases, General Debility,  
Insomnia, Headaches and Neuralgia  
successfully treated with Massage.  
Medical Electricity and Electric Baths.  
At 49 A TROWBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGE.  
A. F. Christian, Masseuseur.  
Persons treated at their residence when  
desired.  
PRICES REASONABLE. nov21

**E. G. WILFORD**  
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS  
**DEPOT CARRIAGE**  
EIGHT RIDES ONE DOLLAR  
**L. C. TYLER,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
Agent for the celebrated Queen Quality  
Shoes for ladies and the Crawford shoe for  
men, the Misses' and children's 8-hole shoe not  
forgetting. Gent's furnishing goods, gloves,  
mittens, trunks and bags. 624 MASS AV

**KNOWLES & MARDEN,**  
**PLUMBERS.**  
Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,  
Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings  
**483 MASS. AVENUE.**

**Subscribe**  
for the  
**Enterprise.**  
**\$1 a year.**

**ALEXANDER BEATON,**  
and  
**Builder,**  
79 Hibbert street,  
Arlington Heights.

**Belmont Crystal Spring Water**  
**BELMONT, MASS.**  
**D. L. TAPPAN, Prop.** 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.  
C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block,  
VERXA & VERXA, Post-office block  
Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.  
Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's  
Drug Store, 100 D. Block, will receive immediate attention.

**J. W. HARRINGTON,**  
SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.  
Business established about 1856.

**Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.**  
All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining  
or tinting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the  
largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of  
glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given  
to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

**WOOD BROS. EXPRESS**  
Will move you out or move you in, just  
which way you happen to be going,  
and guarantee you just as good a job as  
if you were always moving.  
Piano and Furniture Moving.  
We also have an express that runs too  
and from Boston daily, that will call for  
your parcels and deliver them promptly.  
Boston Office—30 Court St., 48 Chatham St.,  
order box, Faneuil Hall sq.  
Arlington Office—Cushing's Store at Heights,  
Town Hall, corner Henderson St.  
Residence at 677 Mass. avenue.

**J. E. LANGEN,**  
FORMERLY WITH J. W. RONCO.  
**HAIRDRESSER,**  
Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.  
Children's hair cutting a special-  
ity.  
nov 53m

**M. E. CALLAHAN**  
Parlors of  
**BILLIARDS AND POOL,**  
Fowle Bld'g, Mass. Ave.  
I have opened a first-class billiard and pool  
room, and will run the same in a strictly up-to-  
date manner. Sandwiches of all kinds will be  
served, also a full line of tobacco and cigars.  
I respectfully solicit your patronage. sep30m

**Fish!** All Kinds  
I shall keep all kinds of  
Fresh and Salt Fish al-  
ways on hand at prices  
very moderate. Your  
orders will receive our  
prompt attention and de-  
livered. Also clams,  
oysters and lobsters.

**J. FRED McLEOD,**  
PARK AVENUE.  
114m30

**RHEUMATISM,**  
**SCIATICA,**  
**LUMBAGO,**  
**INSOMNIA,**  
Stiffness in Joints, Contracted Muscles,  
Nervous Diseases, General Debility,  
Insomnia, Headaches and Neuralgia  
successfully treated with Massage.  
Medical Electricity and Electric Baths.  
At 49 A TROWBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGE.  
A. F. Christian, Masseuseur.  
Persons treated at their residence when  
desired.  
PRICES REASONABLE. nov21

**E. G. WILFORD**  
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS  
**DEPOT CARRIAGE**  
EIGHT RIDES ONE DOLLAR  
**L. C. TYLER,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
Agent for the celebrated Queen Quality  
Shoes for ladies and the Crawford shoe for  
men, the Misses' and children's 8-hole shoe not  
forgetting. Gent's furnishing goods, gloves,  
mittens, trunks and bags. 624 MASS AV

**KNOWLES & MARDEN,**  
**PLUMBERS.**  
Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,  
Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings  
**483 MASS. AVENUE.**

**Subscribe**  
for the  
**Enterprise.**  
**\$1 a year.**

**ALEXANDER BEATON,**  
and  
**Builder,**  
79 Hibbert street,  
Arlington Heights.

**Belmont Crystal Spring Water**  
**BELMONT, MASS.**  
**D. L. TAPPAN, Prop.** 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.  
C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block,  
VERXA & VERXA, Post-office block  
Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.  
Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's  
Drug Store, 100 D. Block, will receive immediate attention.

**J. W. HARRINGTON,**  
SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.  
Business established about 1856.

**Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.**  
All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining  
or tinting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the  
largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of  
glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given  
to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

**WOOD BROS. EXPRESS**  
Will move you out or move you in, just  
which way you happen to be going,  
and guarantee you just as good a job as  
if you were always moving.  
Piano and Furniture Moving.  
We also have an express that runs too  
and from Boston daily, that will call for  
your parcels and deliver them promptly.  
Boston Office—30 Court St., 48 Chatham St.,  
order box, Faneuil Hall sq.  
Arlington Office—Cushing's Store at Heights,  
Town Hall, corner Henderson St.  
Residence at 677 Mass. avenue.

**J. E. LANGEN,**  
FORMERLY WITH J. W. RONCO.  
**HAIRDRESSER,**  
Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.  
Children's hair cutting a special-  
ity.  
nov 53m

**M. E. CALLAHAN**  
Parlors of  
**BILLIARDS AND POOL,**  
Fowle Bld'g, Mass. Ave.  
I have opened a first-class billiard and pool  
room, and will run the same in a strictly up-to-  
date manner. Sandwiches of all kinds will be  
served, also a full line of tobacco and cigars.  
I respectfully solicit your patronage. sep30m

**Fish!** All Kinds  
I shall keep all kinds of  
Fresh and Salt Fish al-  
ways on hand at prices  
very moderate. Your  
orders will receive our  
prompt attention and de-  
livered. Also clams,  
oysters and lobsters.

**J. FRED McLEOD,**  
PARK AVENUE.  
114m30

**RHEUMATISM,**  
**SCIATICA,**  
**LUMBAGO,**  
**INSOMNIA,**  
Stiffness in Joints, Contracted Muscles,  
Nervous Diseases, General Debility,  
Insomnia, Headaches and Neuralgia  
successfully treated with Massage.  
Medical Electricity and Electric Baths.  
At 49 A TROWBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGE.  
A. F. Christian, Masseuseur.  
Persons treated at their residence when  
desired.  
PRICES REASONABLE. nov21

**E. G. WILFORD**  
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS  
**DEPOT CARRIAGE**  
EIGHT RIDES ONE DOLLAR  
**L. C. TYLER,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
Agent for the celebrated Queen Quality  
Shoes for ladies and the Crawford shoe for  
men, the Misses' and children's 8-hole shoe not  
forgetting. Gent's furnishing goods, gloves,  
mittens, trunks and bags. 624 MASS AV

**KNOWLES & MARDEN,**  
**PLUMBERS.**  
Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,  
Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings  
**483 MASS. AVENUE.**

**Subscribe**  
for the  
**Enterprise.**  
**\$1 a year.**

**ALEXANDER BEATON,**  
and  
**Builder,**  
79 Hibbert street,  
Arlington Heights.

**Belmont Crystal Spring Water**  
**BELMONT, MASS.**  
**D. L. TAPPAN, Prop.** 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.  
C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block,  
VERXA & VERXA, Post-office block  
Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.  
Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's  
Drug Store, 100 D. Block, will receive immediate attention.

**J. W. HARRINGTON,**  
SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.  
Business established about 1856.

**Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.**  
All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining  
or tinting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the  
largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of  
glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given  
to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

**WOOD BROS. EXPRESS**  
Will move you out or move you in, just  
which way you happen to be going,  
and guarantee you just as good a job as  
if you were always moving.  
Piano and Furniture Moving.  
We also have an express that runs too  
and from Boston daily, that will call for  
your parcels and deliver them promptly.  
Boston Office—30 Court St., 48 Chatham St.,  
order box, Faneuil Hall sq.  
Arlington Office—Cushing's Store at Heights,  
Town Hall, corner Henderson St.  
Residence at 677 Mass. avenue.

**J. E. LANGEN,**  
FORMERLY WITH J. W. RONCO.  
**HAIRDRESSER,**  
Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.  
Children's hair cutting a special-  
ity.  
nov 53m

**M. E. CALLAHAN**  
Parlors of  
**BILLIARDS AND POOL,**  
Fowle Bld'g, Mass. Ave.  
I have opened a first-class billiard and pool  
room, and will run the same in a strictly up-to-  
date manner. Sandwiches of all kinds will be  
served, also a full line of tobacco and cigars.  
I respectfully solicit your patronage. sep30m

**Fish!** All Kinds  
I shall keep all kinds of  
Fresh and Salt Fish al-  
ways on hand at prices  
very moderate. Your  
orders will receive our  
prompt attention and de-  
livered. Also clams,  
oysters and lobsters.

**J. FRED McLEOD,**  
PARK AVENUE.  
114m30

**RHEUMATISM,**  
**SCIATICA,**  
**LUMBAGO,**  
**INSOMNIA,**  
Stiffness in Joints, Contracted Muscles,  
Nervous Diseases, General Debility,  
Insomnia, Headaches and Neuralgia  
successfully treated with Massage.  
Medical Electricity and Electric Baths.  
At 49 A TROWBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGE.  
A. F. Christian, Masseuseur.  
Persons treated at their residence when  
desired.  
PRICES REASONABLE. nov21

**E. G. WILFORD**  
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS  
**DEPOT CARRIAGE**  
EIGHT RIDES ONE DOLLAR  
**L. C. TYLER,**  
Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
Agent for the celebrated Queen Quality  
Shoes for ladies and the Crawford shoe for  
men, the Misses' and children's 8-hole shoe not  
forgetting. Gent's furnishing goods, gloves,  
mittens, trunks and bags. 624 MASS AV

**KNOWLES & MARDEN,**  
**PLUMBERS.**  
Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,  
Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings  
**483 MASS. AVENUE.**

**Subscribe**  
for the  
**Enterprise.**  
**\$1 a year.**

**ALEXANDER BEATON,**  
and  
**Builder,**  
79 Hibbert street,  
Arlington Heights.

**Belmont Crystal Spring Water**  
**BELMONT, MASS.**  
**D. L. TAPPAN, Prop.** 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.  
C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block,  
VERXA & VERXA, Post-office block  
Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.  
Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's  
Drug Store, 100 D. Block, will receive immediate attention.

**J. W. HARRINGTON,**  
SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.  
Business established about 1856.

**Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.**  
All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining  
or tinting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the  
largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of  
glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given  
to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

**WOOD BROS. EXPRESS**  
Will move you out or move you in, just  
which way you happen to be going,  
and guarantee you just as good a job as  
if you were always moving.  
Piano and Furniture Moving.  
We also have an express that runs too  
and from Boston daily, that will call for  
your parcels and deliver them promptly.  
Boston Office—30 Court St., 48 Chatham St.,  
order box, Faneuil Hall sq.  
Arlington Office—Cushing's Store at Heights,  
Town Hall, corner Henderson St.  
Residence at 677 Mass. avenue.

**J. E. LANGEN,**  
FORMERLY WITH J. W. RONCO.  
**HAIRDRESSER,**  
Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.  
Children's hair cutting a special-  
ity.  
nov 53m

**M. E. CALLAHAN**  
Parlors of  
**BILLIARDS AND POOL,**  
Fowle Bld'g, Mass. Ave.  
I have opened a first-class billiard and pool  
room, and will run the same in a strictly up-to-  
date manner. Sandwiches of all kinds will be  
served, also a full line of tobacco and cigars.  
I respectfully solicit your patronage. sep30m

**Fish!** All Kinds  
I shall keep all kinds of  
Fresh and Salt Fish al-  
ways on hand at prices  
very moderate. Your  
orders will receive our  
prompt attention and de-  
livered. Also clams,  
oysters and lobsters.

**J. FRED McLEOD,**  
PARK AVENUE.  
114m30

**RHEUMATISM,**  
**SCIATICA,**  
**LUMBAGO,**  
**INSOMNIA,**  
Stiffness in Joints, Contracted Muscles,